

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 5, 1962 25 CENTS



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This is a sure test of the character and quality of a whisky.

And before you sip, inhale the aroma.

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A bottle of Chivas Regal probably offers the best training your palate could have.

Is \$8.60 too much to pay for a classical education?

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Next week

FOOTBALL: college and pro, reaches midseason. Reports on the pivotal games—Nebraska-Missouri, LSU-Ole Miss, USC-Washington—and a new, searching look into the AFL.

SOUTH AMERICA'S SUMMER season starts now, and it is a cornucopia of sport. Ambassadors Palmer and Speed head south for the Canada Cup matches—the world golf tournament. On page 78 a color map introduces a 28-page portfolio of South American adventure—Indian games drawn by Domenico Gnoli, breathtaking scenes photographed in color by Jerry Cooke, four pages of travel facts and an enthralling introduction to that little-known hero-villain, el gaucho, by Richard Jewell.

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SCORECARD

HERE WE GO AGAIN

As the Russian national missile team was preparing to leave Cuba, the Russian national basketball team was invading the U.S. The basketball team has an excellent chance for the success of its mission. It may bury us. The eight-game tour of the U.S. begins next week. For the Russians this is an early tune-up for the 1964 Olympics; for us it is a last-minute tune-up for the basketball World Championship in Manila in December. (For political reasons, the Russians are not going to Manila.)

Once again, because of the inadequacy of AAU policy, the U.S. team is light-years away from our best. At the last World Championship, in Chile, the Russians humiliated a similarly chosen, similarly inferior U.S. team. The AAU is trying to conceal the quality of this year's team by calling it a collection of "1962 All-Americans." What the AAU means is "AAU All-Americans," which in turn means that 95% of U.S. players are ineligible, since the AAU controls only about 5% of the amateur basketball played in this country. There is not a genuine All-America on the team, and the AAU knows it. The team will be coached in Manila by a pleasant young man named Les Lane, whose qualifications are simply laughable in comparison with those of men like Pete Newell, Adolph Rupp or dozens of others. The AAU's ultimate ineptness is its inclusion of a player named Roger Brown on the U.S. squad. Brown accepted cash and favors from one of the basketball fixers soon to be tried in New York.

A MATTER OF OPINION

In the most tightly reasoned statement on the morality of prizefighting that we have read (see page 70), Father Richard McCormick, S.J., concludes that "unless the arguments leveled at professional boxing as it is today can be answered, I believe the sport would have to be labeled immoral." It is his own conclusion, wisely limited to "professional boxing as it is today." The Catholic Church has taken no official position. Any per-

son, Catholic or not, is free to disagree with Father McCormick.

We disagree with him. Father McCormick bases his conclusion essentially on medical testimony, but medical testimony as to what happens inside the human skull when the head is struck by a gloved fist has so far been speculative and various. Even the mechanics of the knockout are not known with certainty, nor is there unanimity about the effect of repeated punches on the personality. The very existence of "the punch-drunk syndrome" has come to be suspect, since it has been noticed that boxers of recent years don't seem to display it. The old-time punch-drunk fighter certainly was a common sight around the gyms, and a pathetic one, but his symptoms were the same as those of tertiary syphilis, and since the arrival of penicillin the young punch-drunk pug is a rarity.

Sorry as prizefighting is these days, and despite some recent tragic accidents, we would hold that the sport is not so much immoral as improperly supervised. Many a fighter will tell you how much good, not evil, it did him.

REARWARD ACTION

For some time now this magazine has hoped that Wimbledon would liberate tournament tennis from the shackles of the past. Because of its enormous and continuing prestige in the world of tennis, Wimbledon has less reason than any other tournament to be chained by tradition and could, therefore, lead the way to open tennis.

Last week Wimbledon took a vital step, but it was a step into the past, not into the future. Shading their eyes from the bedazzled backsides of Gussie Moran, Karol Fageros and Maria Bueno, whose below-the-belt attire in recent years has caused more talk than their tennis, the Wimbledon elders ruled that in future tournaments all panties must gleam in unadorned white.

WINNING WAYS

Racehorses exported from New Zealand, just a few days from Australia by sea, are

winning all the big Aussie races, and the local punters resent it. They are telling this anecdote: "New Zealanders are the best in the world at doping horses. Why, when one of their leading trainers was coming over with a team of horses on the M.S. *Wangawilla*, he accidentally took a bottle out of his pocket with his handkerchief. It fell on deck and smashed. The *Wangawilla* got in nine hours early."

THE RUSSIAN NOTFOOT

Impelled by the Pavlovian conviction that man is just a hunk of meat with habits and by their desire to excel in sport for propaganda purposes, the Soviets have taken out a patent on a device to get sprinters off the blocks a little quicker than the starting pistol does.

The device, the invention of I. D. Hakutay, is reminiscent of the illegal electric buzzer that jockeys have sometimes concealed under their saddles. The device is, in fact, just that, an electric buzzer activated by the noise of the starting pistol. The blocks are of metal, and the sprinter has metal contact points in the soles of his shoes. Firing the pistol short-circuits the current, and this, says the



patent, gives "added stimulation at the start [and] strengthens the speed of the takeoff." The sprinter, in other words, is shocked into action. Hakutay's description urges further that his gadget is ideal for "deafened sportsmen."

Deafened, silenced and brainwashed.

THE BIG HUSTLE

The hustlers are back in town (Johnston City, Ill., population 3,900). From all over the country they have drifted in—old hands like New York Fats, Boston Shorty, Weenie Beanie from Baltimore, Tuscaloosa Squirrelly and Daddy Warbucks. Not to mention that rising young hustler, Superstitious Aloysius.

The lure is the second annual World's Pocket Billiard Tournament, which be-

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SCORECARD *continued*

gun last week at the Cue Club, owned by George and Paula Jansco, and ends November 18. At deadline there were 46 entries. "I invited Bo Belinsky, the baseball pitcher," George said. "He's a pool hustler, too. But Bo wired me he had a sore thumb."

Prize money is \$10,000 but the hustlers couldn't care less about that. The action on the side, in which they bet against each other, will provide the important money. The action was slow at first. The hustlers' backers were late getting to town. Many hustlers don't like to bet their own money.

"This is ridiculous," said New York Fats, elder statesman of the cult. "Why, these moochers don't have a yard without their backers. One of those punks wanted to play me for 50 bucks a game. Imagine!"

"Don't fall for Fatty's corny con," Detroit Whitney cautioned. "He don't play a good pool player unless he gets 11 to 10."

"Listen, sonny boy," the fat man said, "I've already hustled you and I'm going to bust every living soul in this tournament. I'm going to send them out of Johnston City on scooters. In fact, when it's all over, I may be in the used-car business. You moochers don't go for nothing without your backs. If it's your money, you won't bet fat meat is greasy."

That's how it began—New York Fats and his "corny con" against the field.

THAT THING IS A PUCK

Baltimore opened its \$14 million Civic Center, two blocks square, last week with a hockey game in which the city's new team, the Clippers, beat Providence 5-4. Baltimore loved it.

Now if Chuck Thompson, TV announcer, will just learn to stop referring to "the ball game" and "the ballplayers" the Clippers may feel that they have a real home.

ARTISTIC LURE

Germain G. Glidden of Norwalk, Conn., who won the U.S. squash racquets title three times and once (to their mutual surprise) beat Bobby Riggs at tennis, is founder and president of the National Art Museum of Sport, or NAMOS. A left-handed portrait painter as well as athlete, he has painted President Kennedy, Sir Winston Churchill and Robert Grant III, a 10-time winner of the national hard racquets championship.

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SCORECARD continued

Glidden founded NAMOS to help Americans enjoy art more, with art's lure, being, commendably, sport.

NAMOS will have its first exhibit (Fine Art in Sports) at the IBM Gallery (16 East 57 Street, New York) from Nov. 13 to 30. On view will be not only such ancient works as a lithe bronze discus thrower from Italy and a Japanese ink drawing of two sumo wrestlers but Daniel Schwartz's oil of Big Daddy Lipscomb of the Pittsburgh Steelers, June Harrah's bronze of a galloping Kelso and a small statue of Jesse Owens by Sculptor Joseph Brown, a former boxer. Glidden is represented by an oil painting of himself playing squash. "The Harvard coach thought it was pretty good," Glidden said, "because it looked as if I was ready for the next shot."

Other artists represented will include Rubens (*The Bear Hunt*), John Groth (*Kayak Race*), Robert Henri (*Walker vs. Longbrun*) and Ben Shahn (*Safe*). There is one etching that golfers will especially want to study. Called *The Golf Player*, it is by none other than Rembrandt, and because of it some historians have erroneously concluded that golf was invented in Holland, not Scotland.

A QUESTION OF PRIVACY

A few weeks ago the Chicago Park District canceled the lease of the Burnham Park Yacht Club, one of seven yacht clubs in the Chicago area which operate on Park District property without paying rent, for refusing to admit two Negroes to membership. After cancellation of the lease the club reversed itself and the board voted unanimously to accept Theodore A. Jones, general manager of the Supreme Life Insurance Company, and Dr. William Walker, thereby all but insuring that the Park District will renew the lease the next time it meets. But that, alas, is not the happy ending to the story.

The Lake Michigan Yachting Association now is expected to take action against the Burnham Park Club. It cannot oust the club without a unanimous vote of the membership. It is assumed that the association will change its by-laws and then oust Burnham. Ouster would mean that Burnham Park members could not check into any club harbor belonging to LMYA, enter races on the lake or enjoy any other of the reciprocal privileges of the participating clubs.

"It would really be a simple matter

continued



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Left: The Kevroner, 9366, plain toe leather-lined blucher with storm arch in genuine corduroy, \$1195.

Right: The Kevroner, 9367, long wing brogue-lined blucher with storm arch in black genuine corduroy, 92612 to black, \$1195.

SEE THROUGH IT. LHM. PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD A. HARKINS OF FIVE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
FLORSHEIM • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SCORECARD *continued*

for expulsion," said H. E. MacNeil, chairman of the LMYA membership committee. "Any recognized yacht club can become a member of our organization but it must be a voluntary association of persons. Why, this decision means that you can't even hold a Sunday school picnic without inviting people of other faiths. This violates the personal liberties of anyone who has a boat."

It doesn't, really. The clubs are not so private as they pretend. They get their fun from rent-free, tax-supported property, to whose support Chicago's 850,000 Negroes contribute.

FOGGY DAY IN FRISCO TOWN

The weather hasn't been exactly sporting in San Francisco this year. In January the Bing Crosby golf tournament was snowed out. The winds whistled as usual through Candlestick Park throughout the baseball season and in July the mean temperature (51°) was the lowest for the month in 41 years. The floods that delayed the World Series were October's worst in 51 years. Last week race fans at Golden Gate Fields were betting on races they could not see. Dense fog shrouded the track for the first five races and in four of these only the finish line was visible. The race caller had to wait for a telephone call from the starting gate to announce "They're off!"

None of this sounds like the sort of thing that would happen in San Francisco. Maybe it didn't, maybe it all happened in that other town that San Franciscans hate—the one called Frisco.

THEY SAID IT

• Ray Schoenke, SMU tackle, complaining after the Rice game about the hard ground in the Cotton Bowl, "I got blisters under the calluses on both feet. It didn't bother me during the game but it slowed me down at the dance."

• Clarence Campbell, National Hockey League president, on the recruiting of Junior A players by U.S. colleges. "I could name you over 100 boys playing in American colleges who received money from NHL-sponsored junior teams."

• Cassius Clay, heavyweight, reciting his latest poem. "When you come to the fight (with Archie Moore) don't block the aisle and don't block the door. You all may go home after round four. Put money on the round. If Cass tells you a chicken dips snuff, you look under its wing and you'll find the can." **END**

**Will he leave them
in his wake like
Carleton Mitchell?**



Ask anyone who races against him—"The man to beat? Carleton Mitchell!" With a pirate's nerve and a concert pianist's touch, he has finessed his pot-bellied little yawl *Finisterre* to victory after victory over the world's swiftest ocean racers. Clear weather or stormy, there's no one afloat with more salt-water savvy than Carleton Mitchell.

Not every youngster can be a champion. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less reach championship heights. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete.

Never before has physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, been more important

than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people . . . The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special motion picture: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to interested community groups, contact your nearest Equitable Office, or write to: James F. Oates, Jr., President, The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Home Office: 1283 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N. Y. © 1962

For an attractive 75¢, by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Carleton Mitchell, to: Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1838, New York 1, N. Y.

A SHUTTLE SHAKES UP



**DALLAS 17-ST. LOUIS 21
3RD DOWN 9 ON COWBOY 4**

LANDRY TO LEBARON:

*So I figure they know we don't
mind passing from
our own end zone. They'll
rush us hard.
And we've just tried
the line twice. Eddie, I say,
they are going
to be looking for
a pass. Run Delayed Trap 41.*

THE PROS

The IBM-machine mind of Tom Landry transforms the had-nothing Dallas Cowboys into an NFL contender; his revolutionary system alternates quarterbacks on every play—while he tells them exactly what to do



**DALLAS 3—ST. LOUIS 7
1ST DOWN ON CARDINAL 33**

LANDRY TO MEREDITH

*So I think it is about time
we send Perkins wide.
We have been hitting inside
with him and they
have been shooting their
linebackers through.
Let's surprise them now
with a wide play. Don, I say,
try Power 28 Wing G.O.*

CONTINUED

HOW LANDRY MADE A VIRTUE OUT OF WEAKNESS

by **TEX MAULE**

The extraordinary Dallas Cowboys, playing only their third season in the National Football League and depending largely on other teams' rejects, free agents and a few draft choices, have suddenly developed into a potent NFL power. Though they were deprived of their third straight win last week when the St. Louis Cardinals held them on the nine-yard line as time ran out with the score 28-24, the Cowboys are still within striking distance of the Redskins and Giants and have three games left against these Eastern Conference leaders. This achievement by a team that two years ago managed to win only one game points up two amazing accomplishments by the Cowboy management: first, a radical departure from football custom discovered quite accidentally by young Coach Tom Landry, a super organization man who normally doesn't believe in accidents; and, second, a scouting system that finds and utilizes talents in players others have long since given up on.

What Landry discovered was that if he alternated his quarterbacks on every play he was not only using the best offensive brain available—his—but he was also giving his quarterbacks, Eddie LeBaron and Don Meredith, some very subtle and unexpected tactical advantages. This shuttle has worked so well that the NFL's highest-scoring offense now belongs to the Cowboys.

Tom Landry's new system came about simply because the poverty-stricken Cowboys did not have enough depth at any other position to risk using a second-stringer as a messenger boy.

"We didn't have two of anything but quarterbacks," Landry says, "so we had to alternate LeBaron and Meredith. If we had had an extra guard or end, I probably would have used the same system as Paul Brown. But all we could spare was an extra quarterback."

Landry first tried rotating his quarterbacks in the Minnesota game last season, which the Cowboys won 28-0. To his own surprise, he found that what was a practical necessity had led him to a much more useful way to send information into a game.

The principal defect in sending in ev-

ery offensive play via a guard or tackle is that the recipient of the play—the quarterback—has no time to consider it, nor does he have any way to relay whatever tidbits of information he has picked up on the field of play back to the resident genius on the sideline.

Landry's system of messenger quarterbacks remedies both defects: the quarterback coming off the field can tell Landry the nuances of what he has discovered in action and the quarterback trotting from the sideline to the huddle to call the new play has time to reflect on it and decide what audible he should use if the defense has crossed him up and what warnings he should issue to his teammates to insure the success of the play. This moment of introspection, according to both Meredith and LeBaron, is invaluable.

"I don't think we will always use this system," says Meredith, who is an ardent admirer of both Landry and LeBaron and a semiardent admirer of the shuttle. "But it works now and it has been a big help to me. Landry is a living IBM machine. He knows every defense in this league cold, and he never forgets anything. The time I spend on the sideline with him, analyzing the play I have just called and watching the development of the play Eddie is calling, is great experience. There are two kinds of experience in this league. You can get the kind of pressure-cooker experience Norm Sneed got with the Redskins last year, where they threw him in and let him take everything that came his way, or you can get the more conservative kind of experience I'm getting. I don't really know which is better."

Landry himself does not consider his innovation the be-all and end-all of offensive strategy. It requires special circumstances to be successful and Landry recognized those circumstances.

"We use a more varied offense than a club like, say, Green Bay," he points out. "The Packers can overpower a defense more often than not. They don't have to be tricky because their offensive linemen can take you out of whatever defense you're in. They adjust instinctively be-

cause they have been playing together so long. Our players haven't; we change our offense more from week to week than any other club in the league, probably."

The infinitely varied Cowboy offense is another reason for Landry's calling all the plays and sending them in by his quarterbacks. "I know all of the offense," Landry says. "The quarterbacks haven't had time and don't have time, week to week, to assimilate it. Also I have a lot more information available to me when I call a play. I have what the quarterback



Patient man in heavy traffic, LeBaron gets set for hand-off in game with Steelers.

coming off the field has to tell me about the situation on the field, and he is in the best position of any player to tell what the defensive reaction is. I have the report from the coach in the press box, who has a good overall picture. And I've watched the play from the sideline with the other quarterback, checking to see if the defense is still keying the way we thought they would.

"I also know what play the quarterback has called, and I can watch it knowing every assignment. If the play breaks down, I can tell whether it broke down from poor execution or from a super-effort by a defensive player, and the quarterback with me sees it, too. Thus

he recognizes that the failure was not because of the play itself and, consequently, he doesn't lose confidence in it. If he were on the field and this information were not available to him he might drop that play for the rest of the game. Knowing the failure was because of execution, he'll go back to the play and we'll gain with it later on."

Meredith, a young man whose insouciance has sometimes been mistaken for carelessness, appreciates the value of these briefing sessions on the sideline.

"You learn to analyze plays more quickly," he says. "I think it helps me with the big problem a quarterback has—gaining confidence. Tom always ex-

plains to us exactly why he is calling a play, and he's never wrong. He is a fantastic man. Most people don't know exactly what they want, but Tom does—in every facet of this game. When he points out something to you and tells you what to look for, he's right. I'm a very lucky guy, with a coach like Landry and with another quarterback like LeBaron."

LeBaron, almost as much as Landry, has contributed to the education of Meredith as a pro quarterback. Eddie is a small man—5 feet 7 and 168 pounds—but very strong. He has never, in his 10-year pro career, missed a game because of injuries. He rooms with Meredith

Continued



and LeBaron has been unsparing in his efforts to make Don a topflight pro.

"When I came up to the Redskins, Sammy Baugh was the quarterback," LeBaron says. "He helped me. He taught me an important thing, too: every player is an individual, and what worked for Sammy wouldn't work for me. So I didn't learn technique from him, but he built my confidence when-ever I got discouraged. Don doesn't need much help. He's going to be a fine quarterback."

It is not necessary for LeBaron to spend much time building Meredith's confidence, for Meredith is a self-confident man. As such, he is not wholly comfortable in the shuttle system.

"I recognize its value, and Eddie and I like it well enough," he says. "But a quarterback who is in all the way gets the feel of the game. It's something you can't explain, but it is a part of playing football. That's why I say I don't think we'll use this system all the time from now on."

LeBaron, who has seen his share of such innovations, has some doubts, too, but not many.

"I guess the guy on the field knows more about what is going on than any one else," he says. "But this system does one thing for you—you never have a bad day with it. I don't believe in the theory that a quarterback is sharp one Sunday and unsharp the next. What happens is forced by the circumstances of the game. You may throw just as well this Sunday as you did last and still have a bad day because the defense is always outguessing you, they are always a play ahead of you. That does not happen now. You may go off the track for a play or two, but Landry will get you back on. I don't think either Don or myself has had a really bad day under this system. I don't think we ever will."

Part of the reason for this consistency is the fact that Landry, as a sideline quarterback, is not a pattern signal caller. That is to say, he does not call a series of plays, each of which is dependent upon the others.

"He can pick apart defenses better than anyone I have ever seen," LeBaron says. "But he doesn't build from play to play, because that establishes a pattern the defense can begin to count on. He calls each play as a separate thing. This destroys the other team's ability to count on frequencies."

"Frequencies" is one of those words that show how pro football has advanced into its own computer era. "Most teams in this league chart your games and discover your frequency patterns: how often, from a certain formation, you call a certain play," explains Landry. "For instance, with third down and short yardage, with a halfback flanked and an end spread, you may run off tackle eight out of 10 times. If you line up like that, the defensive players automatically think, 'Off tackle,' because that is what they have been taught to think. So we often shift into a different offensive formation just before the snap of the ball. There is a lag between the time the opposing players recognize the new formation and can recall what their frequency chart on you tells them is likely to happen. All of them can't react immediately. What I am trying to do is create that moment of hesitancy."

The smart bush-beaters

All of this would indicate that Landry has reduced football as near to an exact science as possible; when Meredith says that Tom has a mind like an IBM machine, he is almost right. Landry not only is a fine tactician, he is a good judge of football talent and a precise organizer. Unlike most teams in professional football, the Cowboys have depended for much of their talent on free agents and late draft choices. Gil Brandt, the Cowboy talent scout, spends some six months of the year touring the nation looking at college football players. In his small room in the Cowboy offices in Dallas he has three tall filing cases filled with 255 big loose-leaf notebooks detailing the strengths and weaknesses of more than 3,000 college football players. From this vast array of information come the clues that have allowed the Cowboys to pick up players like Amos Marsh, their fullback, as free agents. Marsh is ninth in the league in rushing and is getting better each Sunday.

"We didn't have a draft our first year in the league," Landry says. "That was a terrible handicap, but it did one good thing. We had to pick players who had just one pro quality. Then, because we had no one else at a particular position, we had to have the patience to develop the rest of the qualities a good pro needs. Marsh, for instance, had speed. He had been a journeyman end at Oregon State

and no one drafted him, but he could run the 100 in 9.5 and we needed speed, so we signed him. We put him at fullback and waited. Now he's fine."

Mike Dowdle, picked up on waivers, has become one of the most promising linebackers in the business, even though he was a running back at Texas. Injuries forced the Cowboys to use him at linebacker, and lack of additional linebackers forced them to keep him there. Chuck Howley, the other corner linebacker, was picked up by the Cowboys after being cut by the Chicago Bears.

One of the Cowboy rookie defensive backs is Cornell Green, brother of Pumpsie Green, the second baseman for the Red Sox. Green had never played college football, although he was all-state in high school in Richmond, Calif. He approached Gil Brandt at a Utah State football game (Green was an All-American basketball player at Utah State) and asked for a chance. Probably no other team in pro football would have tried him. The Cowboys did, and although he is not first string now, he certainly will be in a couple of years. Landry's patience paid off with Green, as it did with Howley, Dowdle and Marsh.

Before the Cardinal game last week, Meredith, chewing on a long, thin cigar, looked into the future. "I may or may not be the quarterback," he said, "but in the next couple of years, maybe sooner, the Cowboys are going to be right at the top year after year. Landry knows just what kind of personnel he wants at each position, and he knows precisely what he wants to do with them. He's pretty close right now to what he wants. When he gets it, the Cowboys and the Packers will be playing for the championship."

Bill Howton, an experienced end the Cowboys obtained from Green Bay, agreed. Later, as he took the field for a practice session, he said, "I'll see you in New York the last game of the season. I'd like to stay a few days after the game, but I'll probably have to hustle back to Dallas."

"You mean, to get ready for the championship game?" he was asked.

"That or the second-place game in Florida," Howton said. Landry may indeed shuttle his team that far. **END**

Leaving his opponent helpless in the end zone, Lee Foltz scores on LeBaron pass.



THE TATTOOED TIGER FROM NIGERIA

The tribal scars on Dick Tiger's torso didn't faze Gene Fullmer, but the African's fierce attack did. Now there is a new and convincing claimant to the disputed middleweight championship by GILBERT ROGIN

The new middleweight champion of the world is an agreeable, stumpy man, tough as a thorn, who calls himself Dick Tiger. Across his dark chest and around his back is a sequence of dashes, like the dotted line you are asked to tear along. These are tribal tattoos, inflicted when he was a child. "I'm not old enough to know what they mean," says Tiger, mysteriously. "You have to be 40 or 50. We just stop that now, though. The young men don't like it. It's cruel to children."

Tiger's proper name is Richard Iketu, he is 33 years old, and he comes from Nigeria. (where there are no tigers). The first tiger he ever saw was mooning around a Liverpool zoo. The new champion was given his name by an imaginative Englishman who, upon watching him box, decided he pounced very much like a tiger. "I jump," Tiger explains. "A short jump. I thought it a good name and it is easy to pronounce. Everybody from Africa is mixed up with animals. I saw tigers in the movies, you know."

It was in the movies, too, that he saw the vast, heroic shadows of prizefighters and was inspired to quit his job as a delivery boy for a jewelry store in the city of Abu. "I became interested in boxing," he says, "and it has turned out very good. I've met a lot of good people. I grew up on a farm and we were very poor. If we were rich I don't think I become a fighter. But if I get plenty money I want my son to become a politician. I like the way they talk on television. I'm not clever enough to be a politician myself. I'm a prizefighter, otherwise, I know nothing."

Tiger's first opponents were more fancifully named than he—Lion Ring, Mighty Joe, Easy Dynamite, Black Power and Super Human Power—but not as worthy; he short-circuited Super Human and soon left for England. "There was a bookmaker in Liverpool of West African descent," says Jersey

Jones, who, in time, became Tiger's manager. "He was bringing them in. They were novelties at first. They had no real promise. They started on what they had naturally: toughness, strength, guts." Fighting that first lonely, baffling winter of his life in the bleak cities—Liverpool, Blackpool, West Hartlepool—Tiger showed little ability.

"He kept running into a left jab," says Jones, sardonically, "but he profited by it. Things don't come quickly to him but when he grasps them they're here to stay. I wasn't too damned enthused about taking him on. Little by little this thing is dying out. But I figured I could afford to gamble a little time."

It was a risk well taken. Last week, after 10 years of campaigning in which he won 47 of 61, Tiger roundly beat Gene Fullmer and rode about the ring in San Francisco's Candlestick Park on the shoulders of politicians. The Honorable J. M. Johnson, Minister of Labor, Social Services and Sport, and Mr. R. B. K. Okafor, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Justice. These strapping fellows wore native dress: embroidered caps and elaborately draped robes of pale hue over trousers rather like pajama bottoms. On admittedly scanty evidence it appears that if you're big in Nigeria you go in for politics; if you're small, like Hogan Bassey, the former featherweight champion, and Rafiu King, a new and highly rated featherweight, both of whom attended the fight, you go out for boxing. After Tiger was returned to earth, Bassey, King and the polis danced intently about the ring, a tricky shuffle and much brandishing of fists. The scene had a flair reminiscent of episodes in the irregular histories of Azania and Ishmaelia, emergent African nations that were irreverently founded some years ago by Evelyn Waugh.

Tiger, of course, is world champion



Fullmer says slightly as he attempts to defend

only in those parts of the world accepting the dominion of the World Boxing Association, an organization that might as well have been created by Waugh, too. The WBA was, until recently, the National Boxing Association; it changed its name, as has been noted, by a stirring act of mimeograph. Paul Pender, who

was to have defended his title against Jose Torres in Boston on November 2 (the fight has now been postponed), is the world champion of New York, Massachusetts and Europe. New York contrarily refuses to recognize the Pender-Torres fight as being for the championship. Torres isn't a fit opponent. If he wins they will have a meeting. New York commissioners get paid \$79.55 a day when they have meetings. Great Britain dazedly recognizes Tiger as Empire champion and Pender as the world champion. California is not a WBA state but recognizes Tiger, it doesn't recognize Linton, however, so a big San Franciscan named Roger Rischer claims, by act of mouth, that he is the heavyweight champion. The WBA prohibits return-bout contracts, but there is a contract calling for a return between Tiger and Fullmer. If it occurs, it will most likely take place in a WBA state. We may now be ready for another question: Why should it occur? From Promoter Norman Rothschild's standpoint, there isn't much reason—only 11,000 fans came to Candlestick Park. Even Lester Malitz, who had the theater-TV rights and did an excellent job of presenting the fight, lost a good deal of money.

All this is regrettable because the bout, although one-sided, was for the most part compelling and hard fought; it did get somewhat dreary, even painful, toward the close when it became evident that Fullmer, badly bruised and bleeding, couldn't win, but boxing isn't art and these are life's shortcomings as well. Gene was up against a man who was evidently stronger than he was, certainly as well-conditioned and who punched harder. Tiger is a counterpuncher of a curious sort—he leads. That is, he advanced on Fullmer but allowed Gene to set the pace. If Fullmer chose, as he did in the latter rounds, to throw punches infrequently, Tiger refrained from punching, too. But whether he was brawling, as he did early on, or circling and boxing, as he did later, Fullmer was overmatched.

As Jones said afterward: "Fullmer knows only two ways of fighting. One is to poke, crowd, push and pin an opponent to the ropes and maul away. The other is to back off and wait for an opponent to come to you. But when Gene tried to box he couldn't keep away from

Tiger's jabbing, chopping left. And about every time he tried to close with Tiger he was beaten back with attacks to the head. Fullmer has to take a bad beating anytime he fights Tiger. Dick is a shorter, faster, straighter puncher."

Fullmer got his worst beatings in the fourth, ninth and 14th rounds, when Tiger, his eyes lightly suffused with blood, a condition that gave them an eerie, reddish, almost baleful look, battered him about the ring with alternating blows. Fullmer suffered deep cuts about both eyes, and a cut on the right side of his head. He bled copiously from the nose and mouth. After the ninth round, Referee Frankie Carter, having requested permission from Fullmer's corner, called a doctor in to examine Gene's wounds. It would have been sensible to stop the fight at that point; Fullmer didn't have a chance but, obedient to the old, unreasonable code of honor, he chose to carry on. Although Carter scored the fight most fittingly—he gave Fullmer only one round while both judges managed to come up with five—he should not be permitted to act as referee. He is too slow, too weak, too bemused. One California commission official said Carter was given the Tiger-Fullmer assignment for what amounted to sentimental reasons. "Carter has never refereed a big title fight in California," he said, at the same time agreeing he was an ineffectual referee, "so we kind of thought we ought to give it to him." Boxing isn't in bad enough shape.

Tiger was unmarked after the fight. Promoter Norman Rothschild came dependently to his dressing room to congratulate him for knocking off his meal ticket. "Thank you, sir," said Tiger, graciously. "I hoped you enjoyed the fight, sir." Fat chance. "Yes," Tiger admitted, "Fullmer hurt me sometime. He's a strong man, hard to knock down. But I never expect him to run back. People want to enjoy a fight. It's no good if he run back. I never dreamed I'd be champion. No, I'm glad."

Fullmer looked a mess but he was wryly cheerful, too. "I sure can't fight him the same way next time and beat him," he said. "We'll have to change something. Why did I lose? He hit me more, I guess. One thing, though, I don't have any false beard with me." **END**



his face and eyes from Tiger's sharp blows



A RING OF ELEGANCE

With 79 years of practice behind it, the National Horse Show, opening this week in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, has developed into one of America's grandest pageants of sport. Sprinkled through a tuxedoed, gowned and jeweled first-night audience are the military uniforms of countries that have sent their teams, and under many a top hat is a foreign delegate to the United Nations. Behind the color and ceremony, however, there are tense preparations for championship competition. At left: before the horses go out into the ring an attendant works off his nervousness by fluffing out an already flowing tail. The riders at right seek last-minute counsel or pace their mounts to calm them. All hope this final attention to detail will insure a flawless showing—and a blue ribbon. On the following pages are scenes of two of the show's top events.



DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH



GAITED GRACE

The harness horses and ponies, disdainfully kicking dirt into the laps of their aproned drivers, are all precision and elegance as they circle for the approval of judge and spectator. The soft glow of the harness, the glitter of viceroys or buggies, the burnished coats and the well-groomed drivers combine to make a spectacle of smartness peculiar to horse shows. Even when lined up, with overchecks dropped and headed by a groom (above), the ponies awaiting judges' inspection show the regal pride of an ancient breed.

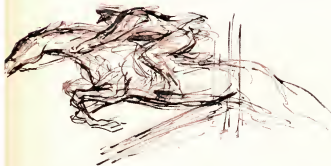






UPMANSHIP

From the box seats it looks easy. But clearing a fence demands of the rider a sure, delicate touch and balance. And the horse, handsome or homely when still, becomes an arresting sight in a moment of power.





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ARA PARSEGHIAN'S GAMBLE

The daring coach of Northwestern built a new offense around the passing genius of a sophomore named Tommy Myers. Big casino: Northwestern is No. 1 in the U.S. by ROBERT CREAMER

Ara Parseghian, who took over as head coach at Northwestern seven seasons ago and who has had his ups and downs since then, may be the happiest Armenian in America at the moment, and all because of the presence on his Northwestern football squad of a tall, baby-faced, 19-year-old sophomore quarterback named Tom Myers. Myers, the most impressive new face—or arm—in college football this year, won the first-string quarterback job at Northwestern six months ago in spring practice, when he was still a freshman. Last month, in his first varsity game, he threw 24 passes and completed 20 of them, including 15 in succession, which may well have been the most auspicious debut a sophomore quarterback has ever made. He completed seven of 11 in his second game, 16 of 25 in the next (including four for touchdowns) and 18 of 30 in his next. Last Saturday against Notre Dame he shook the defense apart with his soft, sharp passes, and Northwestern breezed to its fifth straight victory 35-6. Myers completed 11 of 18 passes, two for touchdowns, threw two more for successful two-point extra points and then left the game halfway through the third period, his team leading 29-0 and his work for the day done.

The extent to which Myers and his extraordinary skill as a passer dominate Northwestern football can be shown in statistics, but beyond statistics, the significant impact Myers has had on this team lies in the extraordinary fact that even when he was a freshman his genius as a passer was so obvious that Ara Parseghian completely restyled his offense to take advantage of it. Where most college coaches are following Bear Bryant of Alabama and Woody Hayes of Ohio State into the conservative, close-to-the-vest, wait-for-your-opponent-to-make-a-mistake school of football, Parseghian turned to an aggressive pro-style offense with a flanker back out wide who is used only for pass receiving. The entire offense is geared to the quarterback's ability to throw the ball. Northwestern still runs with the ball two times out of three, but the rushing attack—though sharp and effective—is essentially a diversion to set up the pass patterns.

This gamble of Parseghian's—to bet everything on Myers—is paying off. Last year Northwestern was ninth in the Big Ten in passing; this year it has been leading the nation. Total yards gained has gone up from about 280 yards per game to just under 400. More important, Northwestern last year scored 131 points all year. This year that figure was passed in the fourth game of the season.

With the abundance of good passers in college football, how can one particular one suddenly erupt into brilliance? Well, the answer to that is that Tommy Myers did not

Continued



THE YOUTHFUL FACE of Tom Myers hides a wealth of football experience—including 73 points for touchdowns in high school play.

suddenly erupt. He's 19 now, and he started his long surge upward to fame eight years ago when he was a grammar school kid in Troy, Ohio. Lou Jullerlat, now coach at Findlay College, was then football coach at Troy High School, and he says he first became aware of Tommy when he was in the sixth or seventh grade. Tom's older brother, Mike, had shown considerable skill as an athlete, though he wasn't very big, and Jullerlat, hearing that another Myers was coming along, was sort of keeping an eye out for Tommy. "At Troy we started them in the fifth or sixth grade in touch football and in the seventh they began tackling. Tommy was slightly built and I wasn't sure he'd ever develop physically but he sure could throw that ball."

Jullerlat says that Tommy, a very curious youngster, began lifting weights to build himself up and was very active in Troy's physical education program. He was a star tumbler in grammar school, a good diver, a good pole vaulter (he set a Troy High School record in the pole vault), but his prime interest was football.

"He was such a determined kid," says Jullerlat. "As a sophomore he must have been a strapping 5 feet 9 and about 135 pounds, but he beat out our senior quarterback for the starting job in his first game. Bob Ferguson, who was All-American at Ohio State two seasons in a row, had just graduated from Troy and he left behind him three straight unbeaten seasons. Tommy was under some pressure in that first game but he threw two touchdown passes and he won it easily. He had such poise. I remember later that season, after our winning streak had finally ended at 35 straight, we were beating Xenia. Tom had a hot night. Late in the game after a touchdown I sent in directions for a quarterback dropkick for the extra point. We'd never drop-kicked before and I didn't do it after, it was just for kicks and I wanted to see how Myers would react. I can still hear him calling the signals: 'Quarterback dropkick on two. Quarterback dropkick on two—who me?' But he didn't hesitate and he made a perfect dropkick for the extra point. You just don't rattle this kid."

Myers threw 73 touchdown passes in high school, 33 of them in his senior year, and made the Ohio State High School All-Stars. The question is frequently—and sometimes maliciously—raised as to

how come Woody Hayes of Ohio State let this local prize escape. Jullerlat says, "Well, Woody gave it a good try, but Tommy was smart enough to realize that Woody's football was not his style. I had to be honest with both Woody and Tommy and recommend that he go to a school where his passing ability could be utilized. It narrowed down to Northwestern and Wisconsin, and he finally picked Northwestern."

Paul Shoultz, Northwestern's defensive backfield coach, was the talent scout who brought in this prize. "Our recruiting rules say we can talk to a high school coach once, away from the school, and get game films from him. I first noticed Myers on film when he was a junior, when I was actually looking at another kid. He was very impressive. The next year, when he was a senior, we were interested in Tommy and a boy named Vaughn, whose grades weren't quite high enough to get into Northwestern. He went to Iowa State. But Tommy came here. He gets tuition, room, board, books and standard football scholarship. He wanted to play Big Ten football and I told him that since Northwestern was the smallest school in the Big Ten—we have only 27 freshmen playing football this year—his chances of getting into the lineup were that much better."

This paragon of football virtues is 6 feet tall and weighs 183 pounds ("But he's still growing," says Paul Shoultz. "He'll be a 190-pound quarterback before he finishes"). At Northwestern he is taking a business course in the school of education. His interest in classroom work is mild but he works hard because if he doesn't get passing grades he can't play football. He has a steady girl back home in Ohio named Letitia Brinsley, and he doesn't date at Northwestern. In recent weeks he has been under almost constant pressure from visiting reporters and photographers—so much so that Ara Parseghian blew his top one day last week after Tommy had had a bad day in practice. Parseghian, who knows as well as anyone that Northwestern has never had an undefeated season, in effect put his star in isolation for the time being.

Despite the attention and the pressure and the lavish praise Myers remains quiet, startlingly modest and reserved to the point of shyness. In street clothes he looks more like a high school cheerleader than a college quarterback. Paradoxically, on the field he has no qualms at all about taking charge and running a team

that consists in good part of experienced juniors and seniors.

Paul Flatley, Northwestern's superb flanker back who is Myers' favorite receiver this year—he caught six passes for 102 yards and two touchdowns against Notre Dame—said, "Even though he's a sophomore, Tommy runs that team. If someone comes back to the huddle talking when he's not supposed to, Tom will say, 'All right, let's be quiet there. We're in the huddle.' I don't mean you can't say anything on the huddle. If, for instance, I see from the defense that I have to alter my pattern in going out for a pass I'll tell Tom and he'll adjust to it. The thing about Tom is he can adjust even if I don't have a chance to tell him. During a play he'll see that I have to change the pattern and he'll change with me and know right where I'll be and he lays that pass there."

Flatley is a senior, a good-looking boy with poise and intelligence, a pre-law student (and a nominee for the Big Ten's all-academic team) who would like to play pro football in order to earn money for law school. He played halfback and fullback for Northwestern as a sophomore and junior, and while a capable man in both positions never appeared to be much more than an average player. This year, down range from Myers, he has developed into one of the finest pass catchers in the country, with deft moves and amazingly sure hands. He never carries the ball from scrimmage but he is the prime target—and sometimes the only target—on most of Myers' passes. Last year, season long, Paul caught six passes for 75 yards and one touchdown. This year in five games he has caught 35 passes for 494 yards and five touchdowns.

"Tom is an exceptional passer," Flatley says. "His passes are quick but they're easy to catch. Some quarterbacks throw a hard pass right at you, and sometimes they're hard to hold on to, Tommy's passes get to you just as fast but they're tipped up or tipped down, and they're easy to grab. They never wobble. And he's so consistent. When you're running out and cutting, you can concentrate on beating the defensive back, you don't have that worry in the back of your mind that you're going to have to stop or make a dive for the ball or lunge for it. The ball is right there. He usually throws it to me right at eye-level, the best place to catch it."

Two Myers-to-Flatley passes against Notre Dame were collectors' items. In the second period with the ball at North-

western's 33, third down and seven to go, Flatley went out to the right flank, feinted toward the sideline and came straight back across the field. The ball, two defenders and Flatley converged at the same point, the ball somewhat higher than its companions. Flatley, who has great leaping ability, sent body and arm aloft, hooked a hand around the ball and fell to the ground with a 10-yard gain and the first down. "Flatley makes Myers a great passer," said a Notre Dame man in the press box. But in the third period, with Northwestern on Notre Dame's seven, Flatley went down from the right flank into the end zone, hooked around the Notre Dame secondary and sort of poked himself through a hole at the precise moment when Myers' pass shot down the middle into his arms for a touchdown. The Notre Dame man clutched his head. "Which one is better?" he cried.

Myers says, "Those catches that Flatley makes are unbelievable. Those guys—Flatley and the others—make me look special. If they drop one, it's an easy one. They catch all the tough ones. The 65-yard pass Willie Stinson scored on against Minnesota, that wasn't a good pass at all. I really missed him. He just

made a great catch and a great run."

But Paul Shouls, while agreeing that Flatley and the others have helped Myers with some remarkable catches this year, insists, "Tommy is good. I can't think of a better passer in the Big Ten in the seven years I've been here. He has confidence in what he can do. One time in that Ohio State game we had first down and eight to go for a touchdown. We ran the ball once for no gain and then Tommy threw three straight passes. The first two were incomplete. But he hit on the last one for a touchdown." Lou Juillerat says that in one high school game all four of Troy's touchdowns came on fourth-down plays and all four were passes from Myers. "He knows what he's doing and he sticks with it. The three remarkable things about Tommy in high school were his determination, his poise and the softness of his passes. He made excellent receivers out of ordinary ones. He threw the easiest pass to catch I ever saw."

Northwestern coaches say there was nothing they could show Myers about passing. "We can work on his strategy and his fakes and his footwork and we can develop a line that gives him good protection when he drops back to pass, but we couldn't show him anything

about throwing a ball. He had good training."

"At Troy in the off season," Juillerat recalled, "we used to give each quarterback a piece of canvas and we told them to take it home and draw a bull's-eye on it and throw a football at it 100 times a day—a training ball, which is heavier than a regular ball. Some of the boys didn't bother but Tommy wore out four canvases one winter."

Northwestern doesn't exactly keep Tommy Myers carefully packed around with cotton, but they do take good care of him. Parseghian uses him only on offense and he takes him out of the game—as he did last Saturday—whenever Northwestern gains a commanding lead. It is wise for Aen to do this. Across the street from Dyche Stadium in Evanston, Ill., Northwestern's home field, is a small office with a large sign that says, "Bob Voigts Realty." Bob Voigts coached Northwestern from 1947 through 1954 and got his club to the Rose Bowl one year. But his last three teams lost 19 out of 27 games, and now Bob sells real estate. It's not a bad life, but standing on the sidelines watching Tommy Myers throw touchdown passes sure beats it for excitement.

END

MYERS, WITH PROFESSIONAL POISE, HAS THE ABILITY TO BRUSH AWAY TACKLERS, HOLD THE BALL HIGH, THROW AT THE LAST INSTANT



GOLD IN CALIFORNIA!

Until late last summer, when skin divers dug them out of a California riverbed and lifted them to the light of day, the bright, precious clunks of gold on the opposite page had lived a remarkably long and oppressed life as prisoners of darkness. These gold nuggets originally were a dissolute part of the hot heart of the earth that escaped into the upper crust only to be imprisoned there in congealing quartz. While the earth was having its primordial fits, the nuggets occasionally were set free by earthquake and the eroding force of ancient rivers but, victims of their own extraordinary weight, they always wound up buried again under tons of gravel and basalt.

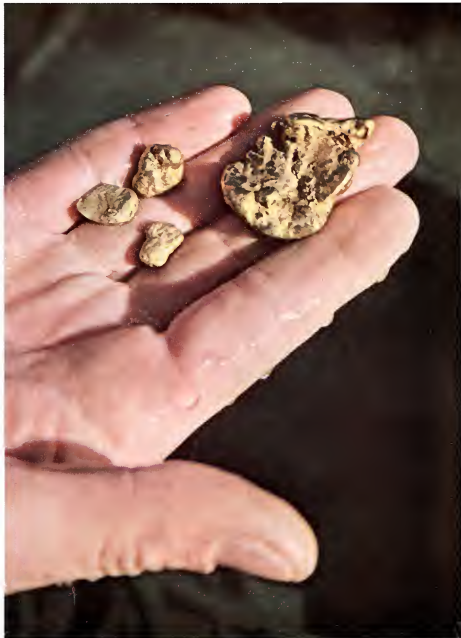
By all odds these nuggets should have been dug up 110 years ago when the red-hot news from Sutter's mill attracted a hundred thousand miners to the California diggings. If not then, they surely should have turned up in the 1930s, when 10,000 hard-scrabble miners sluiced and panned the same overworked grounds, spurred on by the boosted price of gold and the need to make a dollar in the middle of the Depression. At least two dozen of these Depression miners sloshed through the Yuba River within 10 feet of where the nuggets lay, but still missed them. And this is perhaps fortunate. The miners of the '30s of necessity sold their slim pickings to the Federal Government,

who straightaway melted all the beautiful nuggets into anonymity and hurried them in a mass grave at Fort Knox.

By eluding the Forty-Niners and the Depression miners, these four nuggets have been spared this dismal end. They were discovered by three skin divers, Don Carter, Richard Anderson and Anderson's wife, Mary (*see cover*), who have no intention of reburying such beautiful gold at Fort Knox. This is an attitude shared generally by several thousand divers who, like Carter and the Andersons, are paying for weekends and vacations in the Sierra hills by picking in the bedrock of the old gold rivers. The desire of modern gold divers to keep their discoveries shining above ground is based on more than sentimentality. It also is smart business. The government's fixed price for gold, \$35 a fine ounce, is simply too niggardly. The four nuggets that Carter and the Andersons found weigh four ounces and, when refined, would net about \$130 from the government. On the collectors' market today these same nuggets are worth more than \$260; the largest of them alone will sell for \$200 to a museum or to any of a number of rock hounds who covet such lunkers for their private collections. This profitable traffic among collectors is legal—but only as long as the gold is kept in its natural state.

Four ounces of gold in one day *continued*

These nuggets of raw gold, discovered in a California riverbed by skin divers, are worth about \$130 at a U.S. mint and twice that on the collectors' market.





Using a pick, Gold Diver Don Carter (*above*) searches for nuggets in the crevices beneath the dancing bubbles of a waterfall. In the quiet river shallows (*right*) Carter watches

from the deck of a homemade dredge as Dick Anderson guides the dredge pipe underwater, sucking away the five-foot layer of gravel that covers the gold-bearing bedrock.





of diving is a handsome haul—four ounces was a good day's take even in the 1850s, when miners began turning the Sierra hills upside down. But in gold mining, as in baseball, it is the season average, not the one big day, that counts. In three days prior to their big strike, Carter and Dick Anderson got only \$25 in gold (about enough for seven dental fillings) and, to get that much, they carried 1,500 pounds of equipment into a rocky gorge of the south fork of the Yuba, put together a 50-hp dredge and with it sucked away 20 tons of overburden. Then on the fourth day, under five feet of gravel and boulders, in a single cleft where diverse strata of granite and serpentine abutted, they found their best three nuggets.

The gold diver today counts on hitting pockets that somehow were overlooked a century ago when the miners worked on a grander scale, tunneling and tearing down the hills and diverting rivers. The damages inflicted in the Sierra country a hundred years ago have mended rather well. The boulders that the old miners piled 50 and 100 feet high are partly veiled now by popple and brush; the raw cuts in the hills have vegetated and are topped by 150-foot pines.

Although the modern gold diver works on a relatively modest scale, disturbing the landscape only slightly, certain old truths still apply. Knowledge helps, but blind, stumbling luck often pays off as well. In the polyglot gang of miners who crowded into California in the 1850s, there were many—notably the Cherokees and whites of north Georgia, the Mexicans from Sonora, the Chileans and Peruvians—who knew how to deal with placer gold. A far greater number of the miners—the New Englanders, the French, Polynesians, Australians and the cussing, mean Missourians—came only with a big dream and not the faintest idea of how to make it come true. Many of the smart ones never struck gold, and some of the dumbest picked it up by the handful. And so it goes today.

Neil Barrett, proprietor of the Aqua Shop in Sacramento, has seen the gold divers go to the hills and return, some proclaiming disappointment and some proudly showing their gold. Of all the success stories, Barrett remembers best two 50-year-old neophytes who ventured into a remote

defile of the Bear River, armed only with snorkels, masks and ignorant enthusiasm, and brought back \$5,000 in gold.

Even though it is only an avocation with him, the gold diver, like the old miners, must be willing to labor and, above all, dream big. Neither Gold Diver Dick Anderson nor his wife Mary is likely to abandon their two toddling children for the excitement of a gold strike. Since Mary is an accomplished deep diver who has on occasion almost paid for the pleasure with her life, and since Dick Anderson's job as an engineer for Healthways involves diving to 300 feet to test scuba regulators that he designs himself, there is considerable excitement in their everyday life. Regardless, in their off hours they dream of gold, and for Dick Anderson this has led to some suspenseful moments. Four years ago, prospecting on the north fork of the Yuba, he took a misstep in the dark. He bounced and fell 150 feet down a rocky scarp, breaking two vertebrae and shaking ribs loose here and there. This summer, testing a new gold dredge on the Kern River, Anderson underestimated its sucking power. The overloaded barge capsized. Anderson was 12 feet underwater at the time, manning the dredge's intake on the river bottom, and had no inkling of the disaster until the compressor supplying him air landed on his feet. Still he dreams of making a million dollars at gold diving, and now is only 28,559 ounces short of the mark.

Anderson's diving partner, Don Carter, is not apt to leave his job as a plastics analyst for Douglas Aircraft and head permanently for the hills. Moreover, Carter has found several ways that pay for a Sierra vacation better than gold diving. On one two-week vacation, he earned more than \$400 collecting ladybugs (the government does not buy them, but farmers who use ladybugs as insect predators pay \$6 for a gallon of them). Although ladybugging pays better, Carter dreams of gold. As he points out, all ladybugs are about the same size—when you've seen your first gallon of ladybugs, you've seen 'em all. But in the gold rivers it's different. In the rivers there is still a vestige of the old fever, an element of doubt, a reason to dream and, still, in some of the cracks, nuggets of exciting size. END

In the gravel drifts of a river eddy Mary Anderson searches for gold flakes that may have washed over the falls and settled there during the last high water.

Like a party begun with a practical joke, the 1962-63 National League hockey season got off to a boffo start as the forever cellar-dwelling Boston Bruins pulled the chair out from under the lofty Montreal Canadiens with a 5-0 shutout in their very first game. As soon as the astonished laughter subsided, however, order began to reassert itself. Skating as smoothly as ever during the next two weeks, and with virtually no change in their last year's lineup (save for the absence through illness of their prize-winning goalie, Jacques Plante), the Canadiens climbed slowly but surely toward the first-place position in which they are expected to finish the season. With their own rosters pretty much intact, the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Chicago Black Hawks both seemed in shape to repeat

their last year's close scramble for second place. The continuing surprise of the new season was Detroit. With seven new men on the ice, the Red Wings were skating along at the top of the league, although few gave them much chance to stay up there. With their only real strength still concentrated in ageless Gordie Howe, now formally installed as assistant coach, the Red Wings are once again picked by the experts to share the bottom floors with the New York Rangers and the Bruins, who are confidently predicted to end up, as usual, in last place. If Boston thus has little to look forward to, it can at least take pride in its possession of the most interesting rookie in the league: a Canadian-killing goaltender, as relentlessly cheerful in defeat as he was in the fleeting moments of victory.

by GILBERT ROGIN

THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY GOALIE



Some individuals are thwarted more by the peculiar circumstances of their era than by a lack of talent or industry; consider the luckless playwrights who labored in Shakespeare's shadow. Such a victim of time is Bob Perreault (below), the beleaguered but irrepressible new goaltender of the inept Boston Bruins and formerly, under the *nom de boxe* of Kid Flamingo, a reluctant and belated prizefighter. "My trunks were yellow," he says. "They match my heart."

At 31, Perreault is the oldest rookie in the National Hockey League. He is, however, the second youngest goaltender. It is Perreault's misfortune to be roughly contemporary with a formidable company of goalkeepers: Chicago's Glenn Hall, also 31; Terry Sawchuk of Detroit, 32; Montreal's Jacques Plante and New York's Gump Worsley, both 33. Toronto's Johnny Bower admits to

38 but seems only now to be entering his prime.

Perreault has played major league hockey before: six games with Montreal in 1955-56 and three games with Detroit in 1958-59, achieving a shutout on each occasion. "Plante and Sawchuk!" says Boston Captain Don McKenney, awestruck. "He had to take their jobs away. The poor guy never had an opportunity."

The only team in the NHL that has lacked a distinguished goalie over the past decade has been Boston. It has also lacked a distinguished defense and, not to be slighting, a distinguished offense. These deficiencies do not tend to improve a goaltender's lot, which is a desperate, hazardous and intolerable one under the best of circumstances.

Lynn Patrick, the Bruins' general manager and brother of New York's

Muzz, concedes he should have given Perreault a trial when the goalie first came to his notice seven years ago, but Patrick was put off by a notably comic build. Perreault is 5 foot 7, weighs 184 pounds and is shaped rather like Mr. Magoo.

"They call me chubby in Cleveland and portly in Buffalo," says Perreault, cheerfully, indicating two of the cities he has played in during his 11 winters in the minors, "but in Hershey they call me *le chat*—quick hands." Perreault's major assets are, indeed, his remarkably fast hands, but the word around the NHL is that he is a "good goalie from the waist down," meaning he has trouble blocking shoulder-high shots.

"All you have to do to play goal," he says, "is be fast and close your eyes. I don't know how I shut out Montreal the

continued



first game of the season; I have my eyes shut tight all the time. Follow the puck, that's how you play goal. Soon as it's hit you make the move. You make the good move, it's stop. You make the bad move, it's in, eh? In Providence, two years I sit on the bench, taking it nice

he went around the dressing room, with his belly sucked in, and shook everyone's hand and he was the hero. On a bus ride to Ottawa after an exhibition game he rebroadcast the Patterson-Luston fight for the boys in French. "Rive droite, rive gauche, le nez, la tête — fus. On the sole of Patterson's shoe it say; Fiat at Joe's Diner. Patterson was going to fight him on inside but Luston hit him on outside."

"That's Bobby," says Boston Coach Phil Watson, "he's fat, sloppy and no good. Most of your goaltenders are very temperamental. They get babied so much. Bobby, he's a happy-go-lucky guy. He's a nut. He's a funny duck. He never gets nervous or jittery. He gives me a lot of confidence. He gives the team a lot of confidence."

"He make the big save," says Boston Wing Andy Provenzo. "The team is down and then—whoop!—the team it go up. This guy will make a mistake and then make joke. Listen, his wife phone him and say something is wrong with the transmission of his car. You know what he do? Laugh."

"He's a funny guy, Bobby," says McKenney. "Nothing bothers him. Goalties are usually quiet, reserved. They're alone a lot. If anyone beats them, it's a goal. They take a lot of the burden on their shoulders. The poor guys are all alone."

"All the time I've been happy," says Perreault, without wonder.

Bobby Perreault's long, devious trail to the NHL is paved with evidence of his wacky good humor. There is, for example, the short, slap-happy career of Kid Flamingo. "We just decided to go boxing," says Perreault, casually disclosing its genesis. "We was just laughing all the time. This boxing was just like a sideline for the boys. There were three or four of us in the business. I get \$15 a fight. We put the money together to buy a car. A Prizzaro. That was a car

something like a Rolls-Royce, eh? That wasn't a new one, but that was a long one, six bar booths long. Four mile to a gallon. It was black, with a little green to it. Two big lights on the wing. We drove it all around. Not too fast. Too hard on the gas.

"One night I fight this guy that weighs 175 pound. I was about 140, 138. No, this guy wasn't the big colored guy. That colored guy, I see him in the dressing room. I wonder who he is going to fight. He was big one, eh? Later on I see him in the ring. 'Hey,' I say, 'who you fight, anyway?' 'You,' he say. It was too late then. This other fight was in Grand Mère. The fight start, and boom! I was down. I went boom maybe four, five time. I was flat on my back and yell at my manager Romeo—he's an M.C. in a Montreal night club. 'Throw in the towel,' I say. 'I can't,' say my manager. 'Why not?' I say. 'I left it in the dressing room,' he say.

"Same fight, third round, that manager he took my mouthpiece and throw it in the crowd. Why? He was nervous, eh? That was in Grand Mère, and the guy I was fight was a home-town boy, so the crowd won't give it back. We was laughing all the time, anyway. Another time they give me hell because I wore long underwear under my yellow trunks—but it was too cold!"

The long-retired Kid Flamingo made a brief comeback on NHL ice when the Bruins played Toronto in their second game of this season. Perreault's teammate Ted Green caught him a swipe with a hockey stick and almost knocked him out. "Greenie swing at [Eddie] Shack—two hands!—miss and hit me. I thought I had a broken jaw," said Bobby. Boston took a 10-minute timeout; Perreault had only cut his tongue. "Bobby, we going to win this game with you in the nets tonight?" Watson asked him. "Sure," said Perreault, bloody but unbowed. Watson told the rest of the Bruins "He wants to play." "The Kid Flamingo took it on the button," Perreault announced, "but the Kid Flamingo didn't go down."

Another of Perreault's escapades involved a monkey called Chief, a straw hat and a pipe. As Bobby tells it: "We got the monkey in Florida. We were four guy, went for a little ride and decide to get a monkey. That was in 1953. We bring it into boarding house and hide it under blanket so no one know we got it

continued



UNLIKE MOST GOALIES, who tend to be moody and melancholic, gregarious Perreault boasts he is happy all the time.

and easy. I look good on the bench. I put on a few pounds. It's good for a goalie to be fat. The puck don't hurt so much."

"Bobby's a roly-poly guy," says Patrick. "He doesn't look like a goaltender. He just looks like he's lucky."

Perreault doesn't act like a goalie, either. "Most of them are kind of nutty, stay by themselves," says Patrick. "But Bobby's the most popular guy on the team. After he shut out Montreal



these are men on the move 63
 men who follow nobody but
 the prettiest girl at the party
men who know what they want
 and how to get it
 men who set the pace
in cars and in clothes
 these are men who like the
 excitement, the assortment
 they find at **R. H. Macy & Co.**
 these are men who go for
 the excitement, the action
 they find in
Valiant and Plymouth 63
 products of Chrysler Corporation



men on the move 63



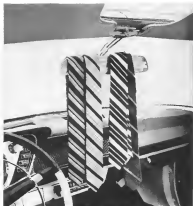
One glance in the rear view mirror tells you this is the coat that's on the 63 scene. The shorter length, the easy line, the lush Warambo wool velour, all smooth as a ride in the Plymouth 63. And you get double the mileage because there is a liner of weightless but warm "Milum Plus" acetate. Muted plaids, herringbones or black, \$465.

One glance at this lean, clean silhouette tells you this is the car that's moving ahead of everything in its luxury class—the Plymouth 63 Sport Fury hardtop. Inside, bucket seats snug as armchairs, a back seat like a sofa. Optional, the Golden Commando V-8 with 4 barrel carburetor, an engine that will cover you against anything on the road.

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Convertible that conforms to super-standards: the **Plymouth 63 Fury**. It's the car with drama and dazzle and much more: all instant response from the second you touch the ignition to the second you step on the super-brakes. Standard equipment: bucket seats and a hundred other luxuries, large and small, including an admiring audience wherever you drive it.



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Macy's Missouri, Kansas, Lasalle & Koch Toledo*

men on the move 63



Life's a picnic; every day's carefree as a box lunch on the tailgate of a Valiant wagon when you travel in Macy's-Own Brand Saybrook shirts. This fresh new blend of 65% Fortrel® polyester and 35% cotton will drip dry smooth and fast when you dunk it yourself, or come back from the laundry looking crisp and fresh. The tailoring: pure luxury 63. Regular or button down collar with barrel cuffs; spread collar with French cuffs. 14½ to 17, 32 to 35. White, 7.99

Even helping a friend move furniture seems like a picnic in the new Valiant wagon. You'd swear it was only compact on the outside, the way it swallows up picnic grilles, garden tools, half a super-market's stock of groceries. All this plus soil resistant interiors, torsion bar "twist expert" suspension and an increased gasoline capacity (18 gallons) like a camel's hump.

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men on the move 63



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men on the move 63



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SHULTON

HAPPY GOALIE continued

in there. That monkey, he stoned all the time. He drink a whole bottle of beer, then look in the bottle like this." Perreault squinted disconsolately into an imaginary beer bottle. "But no one want to keep him—smell."

"One day when I was playing for Shawinigan Falls against Three Rivers I bring Chief out on the ice with me. I wear straw hat, too, smoke pipe. I tie him to the top of the net and get ready to play. I thought that would be good for the people. Not bad, eh? Oh, yeah, the people really enjoyed it. But the referee say to me, 'Take that monkey out of there, we want no monkey business.' I don't know, I say there no rule against it. They spanked me for a while, but there was nothing in the rule book about that. There was a new rule next year, a goalie can wear nothing but his equipment. In juniors I was worse. I smoke pipe all the game, keep the straw hat on all the game. That monkey he in the Grand, Mère zoo now."

"I tell you the time I stole—I took, I borrow—this cop's horse in Detroit? We were sudsing, eh? I see this horse and get on him and ride him all around Cadillac Square. The cop catch me. He couldn't understand what I was

saying, but I know he mean business."

Perreault now owns legitimately one and a half trotters in Three Rivers, Quebec, where he was born and lives in the off season with his wife Perrette, son Mirke, 5, and daughter Josée, 3. "The one I own, Ringiding, not too hot, really bad, but with the other, Bye Bye Love, we win two races. I train them in the morning, but it takes three years to have license to drive them. Too much trouble," Perreault goes for flat racing, too. "I was at the races one time and this horse I bet on was first when they go behind the billboard [tote board]. He was last when they came out. You know, I think they change jockeys on me back there." Perreault also enjoys curling (in Hershey he was a member of a team called the Six Puck Rats), golf ("I'm not too good, really bad, eh?—90"), baseball (he tried out with the Dodgers at Vero Beach. "They just pick four or five of us guy for a little see-around there") and football. "I really like that game," he says. "I wish my son he play a little football." Perreault is a fast, demonic and tailgating driver in his old, worn Buick. "I went 95 in that lemon last Saturday," he said the other day. "I would have gone faster but I was in bad shape—my tongue. I have small wheel on one side. Supposed to be better, one guy told me."

continued



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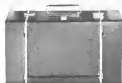
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HAPPY GOALIE *continued*

During the off season Perreault is the day bartender at the Club Des Forges in Three Rivers, of which he is part owner. "I like that," he says. "Lots of action, lots of noise, lots of girls: singers, the half-strip, eh?"

Perreault's career in professional hockey began in Providence in 1951. After two years with the Reds he went with Sherbrooke for a season. Then followed a year with the Montreal Royals, three years with Shawinigan—in 1954-55 he won the Vezina Memorial Trophy for being the outstanding goalie in the Quebec Hockey League—and, most recently, five seasons with Hershey in the American Hockey League. In 1958-59 he was awarded the Harry Holmes Memorial Trophy, again for being the best goaltender in the league.

Perreault wears a religious medal when he plays. Before each period and, if there is opportunity, after every save, he touches it to his forehead, eyes, nose, lips. Playing goal for Boston offers frequent occasion for divine intervention. In the seven games the fourth-place Bruins have played to date, they have won one, lost three and tied three; the opposition has scored 22 goals in Perreault's six games, and Perreault, in weary despair, has made a total of 205 saves. Although a somewhat ridiculous, shabby-looking figure in his long, baggy uniform sweater, he is no source of amusement as he glides fearfully about his semicircle like a mechanical clock figure. He has a look of terror and of a hopelessness which approaches pain.

"Bobby's a heck of a goaltender," says Captain McKenney. "I don't think he'll be the one who'll let us down."

He hasn't. When Boston lost its first game of the season to Detroit 5-3 after a win and two ties (last season the Bruins lost eight straight before they managed to win one), the subject of the team's concern was Perreault. "Poor guy," said the veteran Right Wing Jerry Toppazzini, "we didn't give him a chance tonight." Perreault somberly tied his pointy shoes, then broke into his utmost perpetual grin. "That's the game," he said. "Let's try to win another one, eh?" He withdrew a long cigar from his breast pocket, where a white handkerchief showed three even peaks, like a child's vision of the Alps. "If we make the playoffs," Bobby said, "I smoke cigar all summer." **END**

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RON DEVEAUX, TUFTS' BEST BACK, CARRIES AGAINST WILLIAMS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL / *Walter Bingham*

Just what Darrell would have said

There may be a difference between small and big college football, but the coaches sing the very same tune

The world of small-college football grows ever more similar to that of the major colleges. Here we have Jake Gaither, coach of Florida A&M, winner of 17 straight games, some by scores of 76-0, 60-0 and 52-6. Listen to him: "The offense isn't working right. The running game isn't going like it should. Something has to be done." Darrell Royal of Texas couldn't have said it better.

Florida A&M, understandably, is king of the small-college teams. It has the two fastest halfbacks in the country, Robert Hayes and Robert Paremore. Last January in Miami, Hayes tied the world record for the 100-yard dash at 9.2. Paremore was right behind him at 9.4. Florida A&M also has a splendid punter named Napoleon Johnson. Last week Johnson had to kick eight times, averaging 45 yards a try, as A&M encountered stiff opposition from Tennessee State A&I, winning only 20-0. Hayes went 18 yards for one touchdown in the game. Taking a pitchout, he sailed to

his left, put on the brakes and feinted out three defenders. Long-gaited Paremore sprinted down the sideline 41 yards to another score. And in the last seconds Hayes tore 58 yards to a touchdown on a beauty of a punt return only to have the run rubbed out by a penalty. "See," said Coach Gaither, looking around for a shoulder to cry on. "Maybe now these boys will settle down and become a football team."

At Northern Illinois, located in the cornfields west of Chicago, there is a coach named Howard Fletcher, but it might well be Art Parseghian of nearby Northwestern. "We come to pass," says Fletcher about his offense. "We use double reverses, triple reverses, Dutch Meyer's old spread formations—wide-open football. The kids like it that way."

Just as Parseghian has built his razzle-dazzle attack around the sensational Tom Myers (see page 29), so Fletcher has built his around a lanky quarterback named George Bork. Bork has a habit

of setting passing records the way other men snap their fingers. This season he has set a record for most passes completed in a single game—37—and most completed in one season—174. Bork, however, is more interested in style than records. One rainy Saturday recently the ball was so slippery he had to resort to two-handed, basketball passes. Informed after the game that he had broken a couple of more records, he muttered, "What a crummy way to set a record."

Northern Illinois, largely because of Bork, was undefeated and ranked second to Florida A&M until last weekend, when it was upset by Central Michigan 35-27. Bork passed and passed and passed, 50 times out of 74 plays. He completed 32 of them for a staggering 310 yards and two touchdowns, but Central Michigan simply scored more often.

Finally, at Tufts in Massachusetts, we have Coach Harry Arlanston, blood brother of Ohio State's Woody Hayes and the far side of Fletcher-Parseghian.

continued

"I am an enemy of confusion," says Arlanson. "We strive for simplification." Or, as Tufts' Co-Captain Don Curtis puts it: "We use the same play over and over and over, like Pavlov's dog."

Tufts, undefeated in five games this season and leader in the battle for the Lambert Cup, tried its Model T offense against Williams last Saturday, a team that had not allowed an opponent to cross its goal in seven games (one team, Springfield, had kicked a field goal).

The game, as expected, was as old-fashioned as your grandmother, a hilarious clutter of mistakes and wasted energy. Tufts, with its rugged backs, marched

resolutely to the Williams 11, recovered a fumble, scored a touchdown, had the touchdown called back for offenses and was held on downs. Williams got the ball and almost immediately kicked it all the way to its own 36. Again Tufts marched, but Williams held. This time, however, Williams gambled on only one play before kicking. Tufts moved back to the eight, fumbled and the half ended.

The cavalcade of errors continued in the second half. Williams tried a field goal, but the snap from center was bad. Tufts punted, and the kick was blocked. Williams, with a chance to score, fumbled. And so it went until Tufts, at long last, managed to hold on to the ball, stay onside and make enough yardage to

score a touchdown. The big men in the drive were Fullback Ron Deveaux and Halfback Ralph Doran, who had gained 822 yards and scored 74 points in Tufts' first four games. Against Williams, Deveaux was the top gainer, picking up 147 yards, but it was Quarterback Dennis Hickey who scored the touchdown on a sneak from the one.

The touchdown was, of course, more than enough to win. Coach Arlanson was asked if he was happy. "Not completely," he said. "My nephew is a Williams student. My daughter is here with a Williams man. And my wife is visiting our son at Brown." At least that is one statement that could only have been made by a small-college coach.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (6-0)
2. LSU (5-1) 3. MISSISSIPPI (3-2)

The Southeastern Conference is still anybody's race. First-place Alabama, continuing to pit its might against soft touches, methodically disassembled Tulsa 35-6, while LSU and Mississippi, its most dangerous challengers, moved resolutely toward their battle Saturday. LSU took the fight out of Florida in the very first quarter, then hammered away with its usual solid ground game and (for the Tigers) unusual air attack, winning 23-0. Halfback Jerry Stovall caught a 15-yard pass from Jimmy Field for one touchdown and waltzingly bowled over Florida tacklers on an eight-yard run for another as Tiger rooters, warming up for the big game, chanted, "Go to hell, Ole Miss, go to hell." Out of earshot, Ole Miss was going to town. The Rebs shot their fullbacks and halfbacks through Vanderbilt's tissue-thin line for 313 yards, Quarterbacks Glynn Griffing and Jim Weatherly passed over the inept Commodores for 117 more, and Mississippi won 35-0. It was easy to understand why Vandy Coach Art Gueber decided to resign, effective December 2.

Auburn, unbeaten and a surprise SEC contender, was almost surprised itself by Clemson. The Tigers needed a 23-yard field goal by Woody Woodall to win 17-14. Georgia Tech, still hopeful after two losses, overpowered wireless Tulane 42-12 as sophomore Gerry Russell faked the Greaves almost out of their braces on a 93-yard kickoff return. "It was like a 10-year-old having to fight Joe Louis," mourned Tulane Coach Tommy O'Boyle. "We haven't got

the right people for this kind of combat."

There was some excitement, too, among the lower echelon SEC teams. Tennessee, after four straight losses, took out its bitterness on Chattanooga 48-14; Kentucky and Georgia tied 7-7; Mississippi State lost to ambitious Memphis State 28-7.

The strategy was deep and daring in the Atlantic Coast Conference. When North Carolina State overshifted to the strong side against Duke's balanced line, Coach Bill Murray wisely sent his backs smoking to the short side. But it was the old favorite swing end pass that finally won for the Blue Devils 21-14, when Walt Rappold passed 14 yards to Stan Crisson with 1:20 left. South Carolina, knowing that Maryland's Dick Shiner had a pulsed muscle under his left arm and couldn't throw long, bunched its defenses at the flanks. The device didn't half work. Shiner completed 17 of 26 passes, eight of them to Halfback Tom Brown, for 174 yards and a touchdown. However, it was John Hanagan's field goal, his second of the game, that won the game for the Terps 13-11. North Carolina beat Wake Forest 23-14, Virginia trounced Davidson 34-7. Southern Conference leader VMI squeaked by William & Mary 6-0 on Halfback Pete Mazik's 26-yard sprint.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NORTHWESTERN (6-0)
2. NEBRASKA (6-0) 3. MICHIGAN STATE (4-0)

It was too late for Ohio State to do anything about Northwestern, which was busy trampling all over Notre Dame 35-6 anyway (see page 29), but the aroused Buckeyes could and did do something about un-



BACK OF THE WEEK. Cornell's Gary Wood passed 213 yards for three touchdowns, ran 125 for two more to upset Princeton 35-34. **LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK:** Matt Snell, Ohio State end, harried Wisconsin passers unsuccessfully, helped contain fast outside running attack.

beaten Wisconsin. Getting back to what Coach Woody Hayes unblushingly calls "our kind of football," Ohio State whipped the Badgers 14-7. The Buckeyes threw the ball sparingly but well enough to get a first-period touchdown, then sent their three alternating fullbacks, Dave Francis, Ike Butts and Dave Katterhenrich, jolting inside the tackles to set up the winning plunge by Quarterback John Mummey. Meanwhile, a belligerent OSU defense, led by crushing Ends Matt Snell and Bill Spahr and Halfback Paul Warfield, smashed Wisconsin's passing game. Quarterback Ron Vander Kelen completed only seven passes and Warfield dogged End Pat Richter so faithfully that he caught only two.

Parade, Michigan State and Minnesota, like OSU, were still hot on Northwestern's trail in the Big Ten. The Beelzebubs fountained some in the first half but recovered to beat Iowa 26-3. Michigan State's George Saines ripped through Indiana's weak defenses for three touchdowns as the Spartans won 26-8. Michigan revamped its offense, switching Quarterback Bob Timberlake to flanker back, but Minnesota's big linemen threw the Wolverine backs for 49 yards in losses. Duane Bliska passed to John Campbell and Jim Cairns for touchdowns, and



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Minnesota ran off with the game and the battered Little Brown Jug, 17-0. Illinois, on one of its rare good days, had the misfortune to run into USC and lost 28-16 when the Trojans' Pete Beathard and Hal Bedsole teamed up on a 73-yard pass play and Willie (The Wop) Brown wrangled and danced 73 yards for a score.

Nebraska and Missouri, neither anxious to display all its tricks before Saturday's Big Eight showdown, won easily. The Cornhuskers ran over Colorado 31-6, while Mizzou beat Iowa State 21-6. But perhaps both ought to begin worrying about Oklahoma. The Sooners, led by Joe Don Looney and Jim Grosham, bashed Kansas State for 488 yards on the ground, swallowed up the Wildcats 47-0. Kansas, too, was still a threat after beating Oklahoma State 36-17.

The Miami (Ohio) firm of Kellenman and Jencks was back in business, this time against Bowling Green. With 1:40 left, Kellenman threw eight yards to Jencks (who had earlier kicked a 52-yard field goal for a touchdown, then ran for the two points that tied the Falcons 24-24).

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARMY (4-4)
2. PENN STATE (3-1) 3. NAVY (4-0)

It isn't often that a coach can indulge in the luxury of benching one of the nation's top 10 passers. But when Navy couldn't win with Ron Klemick at quarterback, Coach Wayne Hardin went with Roger Staubach, a not-so-callow sophomore (he was a junior college All-American in 1960). In Norfolk's Oyster Bowl, Staubach completed all eight of his passes for 192 yards and a touchdown, ran 22 yards for another and Navy elbored Pitt 32-9.

Army, meanwhile, was struggling for a second straight week. It wasn't that George Washington was so good; the Cadets ran

for 331 yards but were able to win only by 14-0. Syracuse's Ben Schwartzwalder, another man with quarterback problems a few weeks ago, was feeling better about almost everything. Sophomore Walley Mahle had a third straight good game, so did Mike Keoki and Jim Nance, other backfield neophytes, and the Orangemen beat Holy Cross 10-20.

Boston College wrapped Houston in a tight defense that never let the Cougars get past midfield and then hit the visitors with Quarterback Jack Connerman's passes to win 14-0. Villanova, stinking for two quick scores in the second quarter, held firm the rest of the way to beat Xavier 16-8. Rutgers squeezed past Penn 12-7 on Bill Thompson's 94-yard kickoff return, while Boston U., after five straight losses, downed Massachusetts 20-6. Unbeaten Ohio managed Buffalo 41-6.

It was a day for quarterbacks in the Ivy League. Cornell's Gary Wood piled up 337 yards running and passing as the Big Red shocked Princeton with a last-minute touchdown and two-point pats to upset the Tigers 35-34. Dartmouth's Bill King ran for two scores to help the undefeated Indians beat Harvard 24-6. Yale's Brian Rapp went over from the one, then passed for the two points that tied Colgate 14-14. Columbia's Archie Roberts skillfully picked apart Lehigh with his passes (12 for 14 for 103 yards) as the Lions won 22-15. And Brown's Jim Dundas teamed up with Jan Meyer on a 62-yard pass play to tie Rhode Island 12-12.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (3-0-1)
2. ARKANSAS (2-1) 3. NEW MEXICO (3-1-1)

Wentless Rice surprised first-ranked Texas, tying the Longhorns 14-14, but don't try to tell anyone in the Southwest the game was an upset. Texas had struggled in three of its first five wins and, as any SWC parti-

san knows, any member of this league is tough enough to beat any other. Paul Piper put the Owls ahead 7-0 with a fourth-half power play that caught the Texas defense in midstream, and man-in-motion Ronnie Graham grabbed a pass from Randy Kerbow for the second Rice touchdown.

Texas' defeat and its own 14-0 win over Texas Tech sent SMU to first place in the SWC. Outgamed even by lowly Tech, the Mustangs were probably more surprised at their unusual position than anyone else. End Mike Clark kicked two field goals in the last five minutes, the second for 42 yards with 31 seconds left, to give Texas A&M a 6-3 victory over Baylor. Relaxing with a good pat, Arkansas shipped Hardin-Simmons 49-7.

Precorder Pilot scored five touchdowns and gained 262 yards as New Mexico State defeated North Texas State 48-12.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UTAH (3-0)
2. WASHINGTON (4-0-1) 3. OREGON (4-0-0)

Washington had lived a charmed life recently, playing just well enough to win. Against Oregon, however, the Huskies cut brinkmanship too close. They were tied. When the adaptable Ducks found they couldn't penetrate Washington's smothering line, Quarterback Bob Berry wisely took them into the air. But with minutes to go, behind 21-13 and perched ominously on Washington's 35, Oregon reverted to the ground and thus time the Huskies were more relenting. Mel Renfro ate up 17 yards in one gulp. Larry Hill swished through the middle for 18 yards and a touchdown. Berry's pass to Dick Hunkewald for two points made it 21-21 and an unhappy day for Washington.

UCLA was in a giving mood. The bumbling Bruins donated the ball 11 times on fumbles, intercepted passes and fourth-down plunges to grateful Stanford, which turned their errors into a 17-7 upset. Along the way, Stanford's Frank Potrocci grabbed one fumble in malar and went 83 yards, a feat duplicated by UCLA's Carl Jones (for 81 yards).

California finally got around to unseating Craig Morton, its classy sophomore, against Penn State, and he was a wondrous sight. Morton completed 20 of 28 passes for 274 yards and all three Cal touchdowns. But State's Pete Luske did some fancy chucking too (14 for 17). Roger Kochman ran like a demon and the Lions squeezed by 23-21.

Oregon State's Terry Baker and Vern Burke had another one of their days. Baker threw three touchdowns passes, two to Burke, and accounted for 200 yards as the Beavers whopped West Virginia 51-22. Miami's George Mira started slowly against Air Force but finished fast to lead the Hurricanes to a 21-3 victory. Halfback Eldon Forte was still doing all the work (282 yards gained, two touchdowns passing, one running) for Brigham Young but it wasn't quite good enough and BYU lost to Utah State 27-21. **END**

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

LSU over Mississippi. Ole Miss has thrived on easy pickings. LSU will be tougher.

Georgia Tech over Duke. Tech's busy Billy Lottinweid will make the difference.

Auburn over Florida. After a close shave at Clemson, Auburn will be alert.

Syracuse over Pitt. Syracuse is stronger in the line and getting better on offense.

Navy over Notre Dame. Navy, on the way up, will add to Joe Kuharich's many woes.

Penn State over Maryland. But Shiner's passing will keep the Lions busy.

Michigan State over Minnesota. Speedster backs give the edge to the Spartans.

Nebraska over Minnesota. Surprising. Nebraska has the necessary speed and power.

USC over Washington. Trojan passing will upset the landlocked Huskies.


Oregon State over Washington State. Baker-to-Burke over Mathiesen-to-Campbell.

OTHER GAMES

AIR FORCE OVER WYOMING
CLEMSON OVER N. CAROLINA
CORNELL OVER CALIFORNIA
DARTMOUTH OVER YALE
IOWA ST. OVER OKLAHOMA ST.
OREGON OVER STANFORD
FOU OVER Saylor
UCLA OVER CALIFORNIA
VILLANOVA OVER DETROIT
VIRGINIA OVER S. CAROLINA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

15 RIGHT, 3 WRONG, 2 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 75-37-8




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Green grass meant 'go!' for Beau Purple



LEADING FAVORED KELSO INTO THE STRETCH, BEAU PURPLE BEGINS MOVE THAT INCREASED MARGIN TO TWO LENGTHS AT THE WIRE

His first look at a turf course obviously pleased this strapping bay, as he defeated the best of the homebreds and some titled foreigners to become a serious challenger for Horse of the Year

A quick look—even a careful study—of the form on the 12 horses entered in last week's mile-and-a-half Man o' War Stakes at Belmont showed nothing at all in favor of Beau Purple. This 3-year-old son of Beau Gar had just shipped in from Chicago, where he won the Hawthorne Gold Cup on a sloppy dirt track. He had never set foot on a grass track (over which the Man o' War is run) until two days before the race. He had never—on any sort of track—attempted to race 12 furlongs and, finally, the last time he had met up with the likes of Kelso and Carry Back he had been soundly trounced—by 13 lengths and 19 lengths, respectively.

All these items, plus the presence in the field of such proven turf performers as The Axe, Wise Ship, T.V. Lark and a pair of invading French runners, contributed to the fact that Beau Purple went off on this nippy afternoon at odds of 20 to 1. Everyone present (including me) had overlooked a few things. Among them: Beau Purple, who runs in the orange and blue silks of mutual investment fund wizard Jack Dreyfus Jr., is trained by still another young wizard, 32-year-old Allen Jerkens, and is ridden by Bill Boland. This combination already had pulled off some remarkable feats this season. Beau Purple beat both Kelso and Carry Back in the Suburban (St.

July 16) and then came back and whipped Carry Back again in the Brooklyn to account for two-thirds of New York's tough handicap triple-crown races. In those two events he carried 11 pounds less than Carry Back; in the Suburban, 17 less than Kelso. On Saturday all three carried 126 pounds. Only the 3-year-olds and Honey Dear had allowances.

When Trainer Jerkens, a conscientious and painfully shy young man, sent Beau Purple onto the Belmont grass for the first time last Thursday, he liked what he saw. "The horse acted natural on it," Jerkens said. "He moved well, and I had to give him a chance in the big race. I think, after all, that a horse either runs very well naturally on grass or he doesn't. No amount of training will 'make' a grass horse if he doesn't have the natural aptitude for it from the beginning." Possibly Jerkens, who has shown signs of becoming one of the top trainers of his

continued

generation, has now proved the theory.

On Saturday, Beau Purple made the Man o' War look like a romp through Central Park—and a fast romp at that. Breaking with dazzling speed, as he always does, he blazed away on the lead, and none of his 11 opponents was able to catch him at any stage of the race on the soft turf. He beat Kelso at the wire by two lengths, setting a track mark of 2:28½.

It was a remarkably clean race, too. First Wise Ship and the American filly Honey Dear tried to stay up close, and then Kelso, The Axe and Carry Back all gave it a try. None of these runs at him bothered Beau Purple in the slightest. Boland whacked him a couple of times as insurance and, after he led Kelso by only a half length after a mile and a quarter, he drew away magnificently in the run to the wire.

Were there any excuses for the 11 losers? Not really. Kelso, who had looked so impressive in winning the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup only the previous week, isn't the same horse on turf. And Carry Back, who this time was sent off at the realistic odds of 9 to 1, just isn't going to be a factor at any distance above a mile and a quarter, as people have been telling his owner-trainer, Jack Price, for some time now. Carry Back wound up fifth, beaten nearly 12 lengths, or twice as much as he was beaten while finishing 10th in the recent Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Before the race Price was supremely confident. (Isn't he always?) "I still think Carry Back is a mile-and-a-half horse," he said. "Some people don't. Today we'll see. One thing I do know is that after all the yakking I did in Paris about losing the Arc because of Scooby Bressley's ride, I've either got to beat those two French horses today or send Bressley a telegram of apologies."

Trouble for the French

Price didn't have to send any telegrams, for the French 3-year-olds weren't much of a factor, either. Monade, the fine filly who had won the English Oaks in June and had finished second in Paris, beaten only a length by Solitoff, was dead last. And Val de Loir, winner of the French Derby and third in the Arc, managed to beat only Nasromo and Monade. Val de Loir, a habitual come-from-behind horse, broke badly and never gave it much of a run at any time. The French were given a choice of starting from our

mechanical gate or from outside the gate, and both camps chose the former. Monade actually had a perfect start and was right in the hunt for the first seven furlongs. But Jockey Maurice Larran managed to get the filly into a little trouble, and once into it he couldn't get out. On the backstretch Monade ran up on Wise Ship's heels and was then quickly trapped on the inside. When Larran tried to take her out he had to check at least twice. At that point, when he still failed to get loose, he just sat there, as foreign riders are apt to do when they see they have no chance at the purse. The filly simply gave up the fight.

The results of the Man o' War—which brought together probably the best handicap field of the year on any track—are important in evaluating our racing season for several reasons. The most obvious, of course, is that in Beau Purple we have a very substantial candidate to challenge Kelso for Horse of the Year honors. I'm afraid Carry Back, who had earned consideration also, ran himself out of the running on Saturday. He was only three lengths away from the lead after a mile and a quarter—but a Horse of the Year must be able to run on, at least another two furlongs.

Beau Purple won't win the title on Saturday's race alone. He surely will receive an invitation to the Washington D.C. International at Laurel on November 12, and if he beats Kelso again in that race, he automatically will become champion. Should it be Kelso, that will be the third time in three years for Mrs. Richard du Pont's brilliant gelding. Carry Back is going in this week's Trenton Handicap at Garden State. Then he, too, may be in the International.

In a year when racing people everywhere became more aware of the international aspects of the sport, the Man o' War proved that there still are many obstacles to be overcome before horses can be expected to retain their form following a long trip and a change of scenery. Georges P. Goulondris, the Greek shipping man who owns Monade, summed it up pretty well. "Shipping is more than just flying a horse from here to there. I think no French horse is capable of coming to this country on a week's notice and winning against your best. If I were to try it again with a horse of mine I would send the animal six months in advance and have it trained the American way so that it becomes accustomed to your track conditions and the vastly different system of pace

in this country. It should probably be the same when you send a horse to France—or to England or to Ireland or any place else. The idea of sporting goodwill and all that is fine, but if you aren't going to win anything in the other man's country I think it might be just as well to stay home. The purses in Europe are getting bigger all the time."

Goulondris has a few good points there. At the same time it is probably true that European horses have a tougher time adjusting to our tracks, with their tighter turns, than our horses have over there. This point is arguable, of course. It must come as a surprise to an American colt abroad, for example, to run up hill and down dale during a race. Regardless of which horses are more handicapped today, I believe all responsible racing people still feel that international competition is good for the sport. The problems will simply have to be licked.

Clean sweep in the jumps

Forgotten in the excitement of the Man o' War was another remarkable achievement at Belmont last week. When his Barnabys Bluff won the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase—the richest jumping event in America at \$50,000 added—Owner-Trainer George H. (Pete) Bostwick accomplished an unprecedented feat. Not only did he win all three jumping stakes during Belmont's traditional two-day United Hunts meeting, but he made a clean sweep of the six steeplechase and hurdle stakes during the entire Belmont fall season. In four of them Pete's horses set new track marks.

Speaking of sportsmanship, Bostwick demonstrated what the word means earlier in the week. Fred Winter, England's leading steeplechase jockey, had come to Belmont to ride in the Temple Gwathmey, but it turned out that his mount was to be scratched. Bostwick decided to do something about this. "I thought it a shame that a great rider should come over here with no chance at riding a good horse in a stake," he said, "so I thought I'd give him a shot. I took my boy, Jim Mahoney, off Baby Prince in the New York Turf Writers Cup and gave Winter the ride. It was a perfect race and we won."

What Pete Bostwick didn't mention is that he gave both winning rider Fred Winter and grounded rider Jim Mahoney a 10% cut of the winner's purse. This doesn't happen often, believe me. **END**



The illustration above is one of a series commissioned by Bankers Life Nebraska and executed by Anthony Sera. The complete set, suitable for framing, is available by writing the home office in Lincoln, Nebraska. There's no obligation.

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BANKERS LIFE NEBRASKA

A Mexican hairless bites two blonds

With only nominal assistance from his doubles partner, Mexico's Osuna makes his country the world's fifth major tennis power by beating Sweden almost singlehanded on the way to the Davis Cup Challenge Round

The sweet smell of Mexico City—a potpourri of mimosas, diesel exhaust and harsh tobacco smoke—is wafted on the thinnest air of any major city in the world. At its 7,400-foot altitude a normal man breathes four more times a minute than he does at sea level, and he can get giddy running after a bus—or a tennis ball. With this in mind, members of the Swedish Davis Cup team, and their Mexican counterparts as well, spent a month cautiously conditioning themselves for the interzone matches held here last weekend—matches that would send one or the other nation against India for the interzone finals and thence to Australia for the cup itself.

Before jetting into Mexico City a month ago, Sweden's hay-haired pair, Jan Erik Lundquist and Ulf Schmidt, who upset favored Italy in July to become the European zone champions, spent some precondationing time in the U.S. "mile-high" city of Denver. At the same time Mexico's own cuppers, Rafael Osuna, who once shaved his head bald as an eagle and has been nicknamed "Pelón" (hairless) ever since, and Antonio Palafox, came back home from California to begin practice with special high-altitude balls. These hard, heavy, dead-fish balls make for a different kind of game, "Closer to table tennis," snorted Sweden's non-playing captain, Mats Hasselquist. "You don't hit the ball, you control it."

Mexico's 24-year-old

Osuna is a genius at that kind of game and is the highest-ranked (No. 8) international player in Mexican tennis history. His less spectacular partner and teammate, Palafox, has a better all-round game, but he lacks Osuna's fire. Palafox, who is called "Potriño" (the colt), is by turns quiet and incendiary. Disturbed, he will slam the ball savagely into a backstop, but in calmer moments his precise placement is one of the delights of the amateur game. "He's the best tennis player we've got," says Pancho Contreras, the Mexican cup captain. But as a weekend player who achieved Davis Cup stature almost in spite of himself, he is only now beginning to share others' opinion of his skill. "Now that I'm going to a university," he says,

meaning Texas' Corpus Christi, "I'm beginning to gain confidence."

In the opening day of the current matches, before a huge and partisan crowd at the city's Chapultepec Sports Center, this diffident Mexican was matched against a young Swede as different from him as mountaintop from sea level. Jan Erik Lundquist was a child prodigy of Swedish tennis. He hadn't lost a Davis Cup singles match in three years, and he is now confidently embarking on a second career as sportswriter for the Stockholm *Aftonbladet*. In Mexico City he had other things besides tennis to occupy him. Athletes from 16 countries were there to compete in the XI World Modern Pentathlon Championships, and Sportswriter Lundquist was writing a feature story on the Swedish team (it finished sixth).

The night before his match with Palafox, Lundquist stayed up until nearly dawn listening to manachi music. Next day, either because or in spite of this saucy sample of gamesmanship, he unleashed his overpowering service to vanquish uncertain young Palafox 3-6, 1-6, 3-6, 6-4, giving Sweden a momentary and unexpected lead in the tie. In the following match Rafael Osuna evened things up by defeating versatile but sluggish Ulf Schmidt in a contest that threatened for an angry moment to become an international incident. With the sun sinking fast and Osuna leading two sets to one and 4-1 in the fourth set



SWEDEN'S LUNDQUIST IS A SPORTSWRITER WHO MAKES HIS OWN NEWS

(only two games away from a victory), the Swedish captain invoked an international tennis federation curfew that suspends all Davis Cup play at 5:30 p.m. The Mexican stalked off the court in a fury. "If you can't see the ball, why don't you wear glasses," he muttered. The following morning the sun was high again, and Osuna cleaned the match up in three games.

Serve and come

By the time the doubles came along, both Osuna and Palafox had managed to catch their breath as well as regain their composure. In the early singles each had clamped an oxygen mask against his face for frequent brief whiffs of energy. In the doubles they merely sipped water. Osuna and Palafox probably are the best doubles team in the world outside of Australia; they have played together for five years and are the current U.S. champions. "We concentrate mainly on doubles," said Captain Contreras. "It's the key point in Davis Cup play." But it seemed for a while that the point might be lost. With tall Lundquist's blazing service supported by Schmidt's solid backing, the Scandinavians won the first doubles set 8-6, and Mexico City's large Swedish colony grew loud with hope. Then, with Osuna muttering a sort of war chant ("Serve and come, serve and come"), and following suit, the Mexicans regained their form and the hope faded. Lundquist began hitting into the net, Schmidt hitting long.

Over the next three sets, little Hairless and The Colt played some of the best tennis of their career to win the key match of the tie.

In the first second-round singles match Ulf Schmidt's steady pressing prevailed against Palafox 11-9, 3-6, 6-3, 1-6, 6-1 to bring the matches even once again. But in a tense five-set final match Osuna, whose will to win is often as explosively spectacular as his tennis, unleashed his flashiest fireworks to beat self-confident Lundquist 3-6, 6-4, 6-3, 1-6, 6-3 and (barring upsets in India) assure Mexico a place beside the U.S., Britain and France as a tennis nation fit to challenge Australia. As the match ended, a shower of green cushions hurtled out of the grandstand and an impromptu cheer rose from 3,500 throats to mingle with the mammoth scent and diesel fumes.

*A la bio, a la bio
A la bio-bio-bio
Pelón, Pelón,
Rah rah rah.*



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Success at a French snail's pace

When the French won the European Championships in Beirut recently they not only qualified for the World Championships next June, they gave clear warning that fantastic bidding systems are going to be commonplace in the play for the big title. So complex, and so slow, was the French bidding in Beirut that it took six and a half hours to play a 40-hand match against the Italians—who had not sent their strongest team because they were already eligible for the world event as defending champions. The Italians were also using artificial bids and each team was eventually penalized a meaningless half point for slow play. An idea of what was going on can be seen in this deal.

When the Italians were North-South with this hand they reached six diamonds, played by North. This reasonable contract would have been easy without a spade lead, or in any case if the diamonds were two-two. However, East had an automatic spade opening, the trumps failed to fall in two rounds, and North was thus reduced to the faint hope that East, the player with three trumps, would also hold four clubs, enabling South to discard a spade and ruff North's loser in that suit. When this forlorn hope failed, Italy went down two.

But when Pierre Ghestem and René Bacherich were North-South against Italy's Benito Bianchi and Gianbattista Brogi it took the French 16 bids to reach a slam contract, and a poor one at that.

I will try to translate the bidding briefly. (a) The opening bid showed 10 to 17 points and, since it was a major, a five-card suit. (b) A relay response. It tells nothing but asks for information. (c) No second suit;

no extra length in hearts. (d) Another relay: "Tell me more." (e) Better than a minimum. (f) A kind of Blackwood bid, asking about aces. (g) Roman Blackwoodian response, showing two aces of the same rank, that is, minor suits. (h) What about kings? (i) Showing either one or four kings. North's hand tells him this means only one. (j) Queens? (k) Again, one or four. If you think it sounds a bit absurd, I can't blame you.

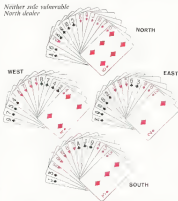
From this point on the bidding was fairly normal, although it seems to me that, knowing his partner held the diamond ace, North might have made some effort to play at six diamonds, a safer-looking contract.

Bianchi, with the West hand, could have been excused for failing to find the spade opening, but he knew enough about the relay system to realize that spades was the opponent's vulnerable point. Bacherich won the opening lead with dummy's spade ace and bravely attempted to sneak home a heart trick to add to the 11 he could see. Had he taken these 11 tricks, he would actually have gained 2 International Match Points, since the Italians had been set at six diamonds. But Bacherich played for his slam. As a result he lost the heart ace and four more spade tricks, a defeat that cost 3 IMPs.

EXTRA TRICK


Note that if the diamond suit had split evenly, a bid of six diamonds would have been a laydown but that six no trump would still have had no play. When you have a good combined trump suit, playing a trump contract will often produce an additional trick—or at least a good chance for one.

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer



SOUTH (Ghestem)	WEST (Bianchi)	NORTH (Bianchi)	EAST (Brogi)
1F (a)	PASS	1F (a)	PASS
2 N.T. (c)	PASS	2F (d)	PASS
2F (b)	PASS	2F (e)	PASS
2F (f)	PASS	2F (f)	PASS
2F (g)	PASS	2F (g)	PASS
2F (h)	PASS	2F (h)	PASS
2F (i)	PASS	2F (i)	PASS
2F (j)	PASS	2F (j)	PASS
2F (k)	PASS	2F (k)	PASS
2F (l)	PASS	2F (l)	PASS
2F (m)	PASS	2F (m)	PASS
2F (n)	PASS	2F (n)	PASS
2F (o)	PASS	2F (o)	PASS
2F (p)	PASS	2F (p)	PASS
2F (q)	PASS	2F (q)	PASS
2F (r)	PASS	2F (r)	PASS
2F (s)	PASS	2F (s)	PASS
2F (t)	PASS	2F (t)	PASS
2F (u)	PASS	2F (u)	PASS
2F (v)	PASS	2F (v)	PASS
2F (w)	PASS	2F (w)	PASS
2F (x)	PASS	2F (x)	PASS
2F (y)	PASS	2F (y)	PASS
2F (z)	PASS	2F (z)	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of spades



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Boxing is under fire these days from portions of the press, government and clergy—because some fighters have been badly hurt and a few killed, and because criminals allegedly control large areas of the sport. Much of the criticism is naïve or self-seeking, but some has come from such esteemed sources as the semiofficial Vatican newspaper 'L'Osservatore



BY RICHARD A. MCCORMICK, S.J.

Romano.' Recently *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* invited Father McCormick, a distinguished Catholic moral theologian and teacher, to discuss the moral aspects of professional boxing. Here is his considered judgment

Is Professional Boxing Immoral?

Professional boxing is a part of us. Yet every now and then a tragedy (such as the recent death of Benny Paret) shocks us into enquiry. It revives and reveals the morality of professional boxing as a legitimate question. This is in some ways unfortunate. The outbursts surrounding tragedy tend to obscure the real issue by focusing exclusively on fatalities. They also provoke us to continue to think with our hearts rather than our heads. Rarely has morality been clarified in such an atmosphere.

Boxing can be and has been defined as a giving and parrying of light blows with no intention of striking the opponent severely. If no one has ever questioned the morality of this type of thing, neither has anyone ever thought it a realistic definition of modern professional boxing. Recent moral theologians who have reflected on the matter wisely restrict their considerations to "professional boxing as it is today." When the theologian says as it

continued

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Father McCormick, 40 (left, teaching a class in moral theology at West Baker College in Indiana), received A.B. and M.A. degrees at Loyola of Chicago and his doctorate at Gregorian University in Rome. He is the son of a former head of the American Medical Association

It today, he is trying to highlight an existing situation, perhaps not an inevitable one. Some, possibly many, elements of professional boxing could be radically altered, in which case it is quite conceivable that a different moral evaluation of the sport would have to be made.

By using the phrase *professional boxing as it is today* the theologian does not mean to concentrate on the fight-for-pay element which distinguishes amateur from professional, his intention is to emphasize the characteristics of professional boxing once the distinction has been made. He is trying to paint a picture in a single phrase. Among these characteristics there is the element of a career involving a whole series of fights with cumulative effects. There is the admitted effort of most professionals to win by a KO—or at least a TKO—rather than by decision. There is the medical report of injury, particularly to the brain. There is the synthetic notion of courage wherein confession of injury followed by retirement from a fight invites derision by a crowd that enjoys a beating, clamors for the kill and lustily boos evasive tactics. There are the undeniable benefits that boxing has brought to the lives of many individuals. There are television contracts which create severe scheduling demands; there are boxing commissions and control groups. Finally, there is a specific set of rules. Professional boxing involves more and longer rounds, lighter gloves and sometimes different scoring criteria. These are the things the moralist attempts to evoke with the phrase *professional boxing as it is today*. It is not an individual fight that is his immediate concern. Individual fights may not contain the elements widely present in the sport as a whole. Nor is his concern boxing at the level of the Golden Gloves, the CYO and the private club. Still less is it a judgment of the individual fighter and his motives. It is a whole institution as it touches human conduct.

The defenders of professional boxing regard boxing as a science demanding skill, strength and discipline. In boxing there is splendid opportunity for physical development, alertness, poise, con-

fidence, sportsmanship, initiative and character-building in general. Statistically professional boxing is, they point out, far less dangerous than auto racing, college football and several other sports. Furthermore, the game has given underprivileged youngsters a chance to better themselves. In summary, the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

With an eye to these claims, some earlier moral evaluations of professional boxing were at times relatively tolerant. In fairness to these earlier views, it must be pointed out that they were formulated before widespread publication of pertinent medical findings. In fairness to professional boxing, however, it should be said that even those who now regard the sport as immoral concede the above advantages. Their objections are elsewhere.

The application of immutable moral principle will vary with the variation of concrete fact or its understanding. Thus in the past 20 years or so there has been a growing consensus among theologians that the sport will not survive moral scrutiny. The three most recent American studies (Hollman, Bernard, Laforest) conclude that the current version of professional boxing is immoral. Most moral theologians would endorse and defend this position, not as the official position of the Catholic Church (the Church has never spoken officially on the matter) but as their own conviction after thoughtful application of their principles to the facts as they see them. If they have been less than enthusiastic about publicizing their conviction it is not because of reluctance to take publicly an unpopular stand. That would be cowardice. Rather it is because the conviction has matured slowly and painfully and because even now some uncertainties still cling to it. But as the subject receives intensified study, it is increasingly difficult to find defenders of the sport among theologians.

Professional boxing is unique among the sports. It is admittedly the only sport whose primary objective toward victory is to batter and damage an opponent into helplessness and the incapacity to

continue. In a sport where the infliction of damage is rewarded, one would expect a wide variety of injuries.

Ophthalmic injury is far from unknown, even to the extent of actual blindness. Maxillofacial and aural trauma, including damage to the jaw, teeth, nose and hearing apparatus, are more common. Boxer's nose and cauliflower ear are commonplace. There is also the possibility of renal damage. Studies (*Journal of Urology*, 1954) have concluded that acute kidney trauma occurs in 65% to 89% of boxers during a fight and is manifested by postbout hematuria. A more recent study (*The Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1958), however, shows these symptoms to be innocent, transitory and painless. The long-term effects in terms of kidney scar and permanent impairment do not seem to exist.

While these and other types of injury do occur, it is craniocerebral injury that recently has engrossed the attention of the medical world. Because of the premium placed on the KO and the TKO, the head has always been the prime target in professional boxing. Blows directed to the head or face comprise about 85% of all blows delivered in the ordinary bout. Body blows are principally diversionary tactics to lay open this prime target. The injuries caused by head blows have provided excellent opportunity for medical investigation because, as noted in *The Lancet* (1937), "unlike accidents these injuries are caused by trauma almost always of the same kind and acting with almost laboratory exactness."

Scientists indicate that the human brain weighs about three pounds. It is fluid-packed but not secured within the skull. A blow to the head causes it to wobble, slide and bounce back and forth inside its cranial container. If a moderate blow can bang the brain against its sidewall, a more severe blow can bring it into contact with the bony sphenoidal ridge to produce selective damage to the frontal lobes, either bleeding or bruising. Where there is destruction of nerve cells the damage is permanent and, when repeated, cumulative.

Medical scientists also call attention

continued



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Boxing Morality *continued*

to another injury not infrequently suffered by boxers: the punctate (small) hemorrhages in the pons and medulla, probably caused by the jamming of cerebrospinal fluid. Again, where such hemorrhages destroy nerve tissue the damage is permanent, though this need not imply that malfunction of the brain en-

sues. Such a symptom would be a matter of extent and degree. The possibilities for brain damage appear to be as multiple as the organ is delicate.

What are the noticeable results of brain injury? The most sensational, if not the most tragic, is death, generally associated with hemorrhage. Depending

on how one reads statistics, will one conclude with Dr. Arthur H. Steinhaus, former chief of the Division of Physical Education and Health Activities of the U.S. Office of Education, that "professional boxing is 83 times more deadly than high school football and 30 times more deadly than college football"? Or with T. A. Gonzales that "32 years of boxing competitions . . . have produced fewer deaths in proportion to the number of participants than occur in baseball or football"? The point is not clear.

But if death is a relative rarity, the same does not seem to be true of brain damage. In 1928 H. S. Mastland concluded his discussion of the punch-drunk syndrome with the statement that 50% of fighters will develop the condition in mild or severe form if they stay in the game long enough, and that this "seems to be good evidence that some special brain injury due to their occupation exists." Dr. Edward J. Carroll Jr., who came to know fighters intimately through professional and nonprofessional contacts, estimated that after five years of boxing 60% of the boxers will develop mental and emotional changes which are obvious to people who know them. He stated (*American Journal of The Medical Sciences*, 1936) that "no head blow is taken with impunity and . . . each knockout causes definite and irreparable damage. If such trauma is repeated for a long enough period, it is inevitable that nerve cell insufficiency will develop ultimately" The recent work of La Cava in Italy and Pampus in Bonn tends to substantiate these claims. Findings such as these received fresh emphasis by sparring partner Ben Skelton's report (SI, Sept. 24) that Skelton's left jab is so hard "that for a week after being hit with it I was taking pills to kill the pain."

Dr. Steinhaus has been so impressed with the medical evidence concerning brain damage in boxing that he feels a second foul line must be created at the shoulder. He cites a noted brain surgeon with wide experience with boxers as contending that every head-pommeling is likely to leave some small portion of the brain tissue permanently damaged, even though this may not be noticed for some

continued



SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS in the Catholic clergy, Sonny Liston happily waves his fist immediately after knocking out Floyd Patterson and becoming heavyweight champion. From left are Father Edward Murphy, S.J., of Denver, who helped in Liston's rehabilitation after Sonny was denied a boxing license in Pennsylvania; Father John McGinn of Yuma, Colo., and Father A. J. Stevens, Missouri Penitentiary chaplain, who started Liston on his boxing career while Sonny was in jail. Patterson is a Catholic convert; Liston has talked of becoming one and attends Mass frequently.



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Boxing Morality

time. The treacherous aspect of such injury is that it apparently does not manifest itself clinically until rather late in the degenerative process. Furthermore, there are obvious reasons why professional fighters would be reluctant to report symptoms of brain damage.

When one reads these statements—and there are many more of the same—one has an indefinable sense of uneasiness, of inconclusiveness. There is almost the sense of being in the presence of a crusader. Is it really this bad? Could it be that the admirable tendency of the doctor to regard any disease or injury as *too much* has expanded these statements? H. A. Kaplan (*The Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1959) contends that "a blow from a human being with a padded gloved fist probably is not forceful enough to produce any direct damage to the brain." In an area such as this, the theologian admits to hopeless incompetence. To complete his understanding of professional boxing he must rely completely on medical specialists. With this in mind I submitted the following statement, attributed to a prominent brain specialist, to 10 of the top neurosurgeons in the U.S. and Canada: "The brain is so constructed that it cannot suffer a series of head blows over the years in boxing without certainly or at least very probably incurring thereby some permanent injury." These experts agreed that the statement could be endorsed as a general statement. One was at pains to indicate that the statement, while it is probably correct, is poorly written. He could not accept the inference in it that malfunction of the brain follows brain damage. Such a symptom would be a matter of degree.

If these specialists are incorrect in their estimate about brain damage, then the moral theologian would desire to reexamine certain aspects or emphases of his argumentation, as we shall see. But it is this type of evidence that makes one take a long second look at the words of Abe Simon, former heavyweight contender: "... jarring of the brain. That's what causes the trouble—my headaches

and those of every fighter who has taken punishment. It's not a single punch; it's the constant jarring. . . . [The fighter] is always soothed by the falsehood that he will be just as good as new after a short rest. He never is, and no fighter living today who has had 50 or more reasonably hard fights can honestly make the claim."

Such a medical review was necessary preparation for a moral estimate. Since everyone familiar with the sport concedes its advantages, the moral discussion boils down to this: Are the arguments against professional boxing conclusive? Of the many moral objections one hears, the most serious are reducible to three.

1) *The knockout*. It is simply unrealistic to deny that most professional fighters aim for a knockout. This is regarded as the most decisive and impressive way to win a fight. It is what the fighter wants and very often what the fans want. The long climb to contender status or the comeback often hinges on it. As Nat Fleischer wrote in *The Heavyweight Championship of Louis'* comeback tour after his 1936 loss to Max Baer: "There was only one way to do that—to roll up victory after victory over the knockout route."

Not a few moral theologians find it difficult to admit that the knockout is justifiable. They frequently formulate this as follows: directly and violently to deprive oneself or another of the use of reason is morally reprehensible except for a sufficient cause. It is the rational faculties, intellect and free will that distinguish man from the brute. Directly to deprive man of these faculties without a sufficient reason is to dehumanize. These theologians are reluctant to admit that sport, money, fame qualify as sufficient reason. If such violent deprivation of higher controls is reprehensible, then the intent to do so is equally reprehensible. Hence a sport in which this intent plays such an integral role must be condemned.

Is the argument convincing? I do not believe it is. First of all, the knockout is understood in the rather limited sense of "rendering unconscious." This is not a necessary sense of the word. A knockout is, more realistically, beating a fighter

continued



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Boxing Morality continued

to the point where he is physically incapable of continuing. This is what the ordinary professional desires. Deprivation of the use of reason is not essential to this. Hence, practically, it is hard to show how the knockout in this limited sense is an essential aim of most fighters. Second, even if it were the fighter's aim, it would be difficult to show how the knockout of itself (independent of injury) is sufficient to condemn the sport. It can be argued that, generally, deprivation of the use of reason lasts only a few seconds at most (8 to 10 usually) and that this is so little as to be negligible. If this were the only thing at stake, it is highly doubtful that there would be as much objection to boxing as there seems to be.

2) *The intent of injury.* If the argument concerning the knockout is not satisfying, the objection from injury is much more arresting. Professional boxing is

the only sport where the immediate objective is to damage the opponent. A puffed or cut eye, a lacerated cheek, a bleeding nose—these are signals for an intensified attack on the vulnerable area. When Jimmy Doyle died after being knocked out by Sugar Ray Robinson, Robinson was asked if he noticed that Doyle was in trouble. He is widely quoted as answering: "Getting him into trouble is my business." In all other sports the immediate objective is to cross a goal line, tip in a basket, throw a strike. Injury and incapacity to continue are incidental. A knee to the groin, a fist to the face in football bean balls and deliberate spiking in baseball are penalized and would unhesitatingly be branded as immoral by the theologian. Patterson was simply describing the unique character of professional boxing when he wrote (*Victory over Myself*), after the first Johansson knockout,

of his desire never to be vicious again: "At the same time I know that I must be, because I am in a business of violence." If direct damage to the opponent is immoral in all other sports, why not in this business of violence?

It is here that the medical evidence assumes some importance. Were the injury passing and negligible, theologians might perhaps mitigate their judgment. But if the specialists are right in their claims about injury, particularly brain injury, this must give us pause. The sport as now practiced tends directly to inflict this damage. When injury to the cranium and its contents occurs, it is, as Blomstein and Clarke note (*British Medical Journal*, 1954), "a direct product of boxing and not an accident as in all other sports." Since this is true, then these efforts are also the direct object of



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the fighter's intention. This is not to say that the fighter explicitly desires to maim or cause lasting damage. Few would be that inhuman. As a rule, the fighter's only explicit desire is to win as decisively as possible. But the means he chooses are means that are damaging. Hence he implicitly intends this damage as a means. How could he disown it? The point might seem a bit fine, but can one choose to pound and sink a nail and yet disown the hole in the wood?

At this point professional boxing encounters the disapproving frown of many a moralist. Man, they argue, does not possess the right directly to inflict damage on himself or another in this way. He is not the absolute master of his person with the power to destroy or mutilate as he wishes. Absolute dominion over man's integrity is possessed by God alone. As a creature, man is an administrator charged with the duty and privilege of reasonable administration. His ability directly to mutilate himself is severely limited.

This is a cardinal principle of sound moral thought. If there is indecisiveness here, there will inevitably be ambiguity or error in the evaluation of many aspects of modern living. Once the limit on man's ability to mutilate himself is obscured, the condemnation of suicide, euthanasia, reckless medical experiment, useless surgery and so on tends to lose rational defense. The novelist knows that the first chapters profoundly affect the outcome of the final chapters of his book. Similarly moral theology is jealous of her basic principles because they contain the germ of practical conclusions.

Applying these principles, theologians believe that when a man pounds another into helplessness, scars his face, smashes his nose, jars his brain and exposes it to lasting damage, or when he enters a contest where this could happen to him, he has surpassed the bounds of reasonable stewardship of the human person. Surely there are equally—or more—effective ways for men to learn the art of self-defense.

Does the fact that this is done for

money affect the moral analysis? Certain medical experiments on the human body, even if done for money, would remain objectionable. In fact, is there not a legitimate sense in which it is true to say that the greater the spoils, the more objectionable the whole business? For as the cash at stake increases, so does the danger of viewing the integrity of the human person as salable at a price. Money can be overvalued. When it is, something else is undervalued. If this something else happens to be the integrity of the human person, have we not made a wrong turn somewhere?

3) *Fostering of brutish instincts.* Man is a delicate combination, midway between animal and angel, with a bit of both in him. His characteristic balance is achieved when he harmonizes these elements. When he fosters one to the neglect of the other, he tends to become either a disengaged dreamer or a savage. Thomas Aquinas knew nothing of professional boxing, but with an unerring knowledge of human nature he pointed out that to take pleasure in the unnecessary sufferings of another man is brutish.

Anyone who has watched professional fights will know what Aquinas was talking about. The crowd too often has come for blood and the knockout. The knockout is the touchdown pass, the home run of boxing. The nearer it is, the more frenzied the howling of the crowd. As Nat Fleischer said simply of the first Patterson-Johansson fight: "The crowd, sensing the kill, went wild." We occasionally hear the referee urge the boys to mix it up, give the fans their money's worth. When a boy is being mauled around the ring, the arena comes alive and emotions run high. The fighter is goaded by the crowd; his own fury further stimulates them. The brutish instinct is in command. At this point the finest moves in boxing are missed or—worse—greeted by a chorus of hissing and booing. Tunney was so disgusted with this type of thing in one of his fights that he created the phrase, "the bloodthirsty yap of the mob." The modern prizefight is increasingly the canonization of brute force—and that at a time when we are

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Boxing Morality *continued*

struggling with all our might to understand the meaning of force in the world.

Is not man too weak a creature to unleash and give free play to these forces with impunity? Does he not tend to grow in the image of that which he cheers? If this is true, how long can he cheer these exhibitions without acting at variance with the demands dictated by his own rational nature? To many, this is the strongest indictment of professional boxing, an objection sufficient in itself as a stricture of the game.

These arguments are not frivolous. Any discussion of professional boxing which ignores them is playing the ostrich. They are drawn from natural law; whatever validity they have would surely be intensified by the Christian revelation through which man becomes conscious of an even more startling personal dignity. It was probably arguments such as these that led the Vatican Radio to announce its conviction that professional boxing is objectively immoral. *L'Osservatore della Domenica* insinuated the same thing. Informed Catholics, however, are rightly distressed at the implications in the assertion that these views are "semiofficial" ecclesiastical positions.

The Catholic Church has not condemned professional boxing. Many have wondered why not. The eager expectation of ecclesiastical intervention could easily contain a distorted notion of the function of the Church. While she jealously guards the purity of morals, it does not follow that condemnations do or should issue from her at the slightest provocation—if for no other reason than that this discourages intellectual effort in the ranks by seeming to render it unnecessary. We stand to learn a great deal from this controversy.

Many reasons suggest themselves in explanation of the Church's official silence on the matter. First of all, and most important perhaps, the matter simply is not clear to her. While the Church speaks frequently on changeless moral principles, she is generally quite content to leave the application of these to her theologians. But theological opinion has been, possibly still is, somewhat divided,

or at least hesitant. Most of the serious writing has been unfavorable to boxing, but there are many voices yet to be heard.

Second, professional boxing is largely, but not exclusively, a local American problem. The U.S. champion is the world champion, the big gate is here and the big fights are generally here. If public statements are called for, it is reasonable to think that this would be left to local bishops.

Finally, even should the Church desire to take a strong stand, there is the difficulty of formulating a statement which will avoid the impression that all boxing is being censured. It is foolish to lump the pillow fights of the sixth-grader with the hard smashes of the professional. And even at the professional level the differences between individual fighters are tremendous. There are those in superb condition who fight once or twice a year to defend a title—and these are the champions who are hit the least. Then there are those who all but drag themselves into the ring to have their brains rattled on a month-to-month basis. To group these together in a single sweeping rejection would be unrealistic and hazardous.

Not only is the central moral issue challenging; there are also many fringe problems no less tantalizing. One that is increasingly aired: Is the victorious fighter guilty when his opponent dies as a result of blows received in the ring? Though boxing is different from other sports in its direct aim (the infliction of damage), death is such a departure from the average that its occurrence should be regarded as an undesired byproduct of the sport. Morally it is an accident.

Problematic too are the possibilities involved in allowing a man with a past to contend for the crown (SI, Feb. 12). The issue is scarcely one of Christian forgiveness or rehabilitation. Surely we can hope that we are both humble enough and large enough for this. The problem is rather the defenselessness of our children against their own hero-worshipping simplicity. On the other hand, a clean

continued



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Boxing Morality *continued*

break with an unfortunate past might actually provide a very helpful example to youngsters. Whatever the answer may be, there is a moral dimension even here.

The question of professional boxing is a vexing one. The issues seem clear. Defenders of the sport insist that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. Those who censure it, while admitting the advantages, believe that the moral discussion must begin with the sport itself, not only its circumstances. They see the sport as directly injurious and as one which tends unduly to foster the instinct of brutality in all concerned. Perhaps this is not necessarily true; there are many laudable attempts being made to supervise the sport more thoroughly (SI, April 23). Nor is it factually true of all professional fights; but it is too generally true of the sport today. Thus the majority vote among those who have written on the moral question is unfavorable.

Unless the arguments leveled at professional boxing as it is today can be answered, I believe the sport would have to be labeled immoral. I realize that other theologians may take a different point of view. It could be that not all the facts are in. Perhaps, too, we have a great deal to learn about our own principles. Premature conviction slams the door to enlightenment as effectively as refusal to face the moral issue.

If there remain some uncertainties to haunt us, the general implications of our sincere and honest interest are clear. For, regardless of what answer we come up with, it is both a sign and guarantee of our abiding spiritual health to face issues at their moral root. It is never easy to question the moral character of our own pleasure and entertainment. Since, however, moral issues are not defined by the convenient and inconvenient, the pleasant and the annoying, but reach to the division between good and evil, they are too important to receive less than an earnest, but calm and dispassionate, treatment. Failure to do this would be a collective shrug-of-the-shoulder at moral values and, as such, a threat to the spiritual goods upon which we have built our dignity and freedom.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOCKS AND GLOVES

Sirs:

As president of the World Boxing Association, I consider that Lison earned recognition as the best big fighter in the world. He didn't have a teammate to help him. Who can deny him the crown? Suppose an inmate of Alcatraz ran the 100-yard dash in nine seconds flat—wouldn't this be a new world record?

The New York Legislature wants to outlaw boxing because, they say, its control and background are filled with corruption. Baseball was not outlawed because of the Black Sox scandal. Nobody seriously tried to legislate basketball out of existence when gamblers and athletes were convicted of fixes.

All of us in boxing are trying desperately to clean up the weaknesses. But we need time—not crippling legislation.

There will always be boxing contests, whether they take place in an isolated meadow, on a barge or in Madison Square Garden. New York's legislature must take some blame for the present condition of professional boxing. Do we want a boxing Volstead Act which could never be enforced and which would only lead to further crime and violence?

The recently incorporated World Boxing Research and Education Foundation offers a fine beginning, and with implementation and nonemotional cooperation could very well be a substantial leap up the ladder of boxing decency.

In the meantime let's keep our sense of proportion and refrain from criticizing those who are trying to cure a problem which society permitted to exist and did nothing about.

CHARLES P. LARSON, M.D.

Tacoma, Wash.

- The World Boxing Association (see p. 20), formerly the National Boxing Association, includes in its membership the boxing commissions of every state in the U.S. except New York, California and Massachusetts.—E.D.

Sirs:

Having been taught at an early age I must take care of myself, I took up boxing and went on to win a Golden Glove at a Jesuit high school. Now I can see the results in myself: a temper that frequently gets out of control. In my opinion this "sport" cannot be banned soon enough.

ARUNA, Calif.

BEST WEST

Sirs:

Congratulations to you and Writer Walter Bingham.

It's about time someone woke up to the fact that the boys out here play football for keeps (*Big Sarge on the West Coast*, Oct. 22). Up until a few years ago the brand of football that was played up and down the verdant Pacific slopes was at least on a par with all regions of the country. Now it's the finest football played anywhere in the U.S.

TOM NEEL

Burley, Idaho

Sirs:

Walter Bingham's interesting article was very apropos, especially the evidence concerning the new West Coast emphasis on the running game. They are playing football again as it was intended to be played, with an integrated and balanced running and passing attack, instead of a sort of glorified basketball offense.

HAROLD M. KENNARD

Glen Ridge, N.J.

Sirs:

I'm disappointed in your magazine as far as football analysis is concerned. Apparently you have given in to the West Coast inferiority complex, judging by your *Big Sarge* article. All you need do is take a look at the Big Ten schedule—this year especially—to see a show of power unmatched in the country. No wonder the West Coast teams are so happy when they beat a Big Ten team. These are the most important games of the year for the Coast—not for the Big Ten. Coast schedules, due to their smaller league with less strength, permit their pointing to Big Ten games.

Stanford over Michigan State is a perfect example. They shot their year's wad in one game. Washington's victory over Illinois was unimpressive compared with Northwestern's and Ohio State's wins over Illinois. Washington State made hard work of lowly Indiana. Put the best Coast team in the Big Ten and it figures to lose at least two in that schedule. Two league losses rarely win the Big Ten.

BOB MCKINLAY

Seattle

Sirs:

No one can deny that the quality of football on the West Coast has improved from 1961 to 1962. I saw Rose Bowl-bound UCLA "play" Michigan in 1961 and I am at a loss to imagine West Coast football any worse,

CARL SCHMIDT

but there are at least six Big Ten teams far better than the Iowa team which lost to your second-rated West Coast team, USC, by 7-0, and which beat Oregon State 28-8.

FREDERICK D. STEINHARDT

New York City

BEAR OWENS

Sirs:

If inconsistency in views on how to coach college football will sell magazines, you should do a hard office business.

In giving credit for the rise of West Coast football to Washington Coach Jim Owens, former Bear Bryant assistant, you have endorsed the principles of Bryant and, therefore, Charlie Bradshaw (*The New Rage* to *IFW*, Oct. 8). Why not go the full route and give us a pro-Bryant article?

R. L. JEFFERS JR.

Birmingham

Sirs:

I resent strongly those who write from Honolulu, Detroit and other places and say that Kentucky Coach Bradshaw's teachings are sadistic (*IFW*, *IFW*, Oct. 22). How do they know?

I would hardly expect the men who quit at Kentucky or at any school in our country to praise the coach who was the cause of their quitting. No man feels good in his heart as a quitter. Your story mentioned only briefly those that had not quit. Certainly their statements and reactions give a far more truthful picture than those you chose to run.

Here is an account of a recent—and more noteworthy—incident that sums up the Kentucky situation: On a day last spring, when 13 boys quit the Kentucky football squad, one of the most sought-after high school football players in Pennsylvania signed a grant-in-aid to Kentucky. The reason: his parents watched the practice session that day and realized that here was an opportunity for their son to play under a coach who would never be satisfied with second best—a man who would give their son the type of leadership that is so vital to our American way of life.

WILLIAM C. CHANDLER

Montgomery, Ala.

Sirs:

If anyone thinks that Amos Alonzo Stagg, Knute Rockne and the other great coaches weren't just as tough taskmasters as Bear Bryant, Bradshaw and company he had better turn in his field glasses.

TOM HARPER

Huntsville, Ala.

CROWDED OUT

Sirs:

Writer Kenneth Rudeen's enthusiasm for sports cars is understandable. However, I doubt if this qualifies him to make crowd comparisons.

continued

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10TH HOLE

In his story, *Double Bonanza for Sports Cars* (Oct. 29), Rudeen says, "In sum, these audiences at Riverside and Laguna Seca easily outnumbered the immense one that always attends the Indianapolis '500.'" Writer Rudeen estimates the combined crowd at 140,000.

The Indy crowd bulges to a total of 250,000 to 300,000 when the infield crowd arrives. Permanent seats are at a premium (even with a \$30 top), and a double-deck grandstand seating 10,000 is now under construction to help solve the ticket problem.

TOM CARNEGIE

Indianapolis

● As Rudeen's story went to press it read: "... these audiences at Riverside and Laguna Seca easily outnumbered every other American racing crowd save the immense one that always attends the Indianapolis '500.'" The underscored five was omitted by mistake.—ED.

BALL OR DANDELION?

Sirs:

Forgive still another word from the originator of the OC Canary Hide (19th Hoka, Oct. 29). However, Wilfred T. Kearns' letter on "Why not a yellow jacket for golf balls?" somehow seems to call for an answer. Here's the story.

As soon as the yellow baseball had proved its superior viability we went right to work (in 1938) to make up yellow golf balls, yellow tennis balls, yellow softballs and yellow polo balls, too.

1) The yellow golf ball is great off the tee, in a trap and on the green, where the color of the ball helps the player's eyes to focus on and define its exact shape—assisting the player in executing the perfect stroke.

On the fairway, unless there are the usual spring dandelions, it's good, too—but those little flowers make it hard to find. In the rough, when the fall leaves are around, it's easily lost among the yellow and brown leaves. Good idea to have a few in your bag, though—for use when playing conditions are right.

2) The yellow tennis ball proved very good, on grass courts in particular, until grass-stained (as in the case of the white ball).

3) The yellow softball was test-played by the Police Athletic League teams under the supervision of the then Commissioner John Morris, and it was generally agreed that it was an improvement.

4) The yellow polo ball was test-played at Meadowbrook in 1939 and it worked out fine. But, as with the others, tradition prevailed against its adoption as standard equipment.

FREDERIC H. RAISZ

New York City



POINT OF FACT

A professional hockey quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

- 7 a) When is a penalty shot awarded?
b) How is it executed?

a) Four infractions call for penalty shots: 1) when any defending player, including the goalie, deliberately throws his stick at the puck in his defensive zone; 2) when an attacking player in complete control of the puck is tripped or fouled from behind; 3) when any defending player (other than the goalie) falls on or holds the puck inside his goal crease; 4) when any player (other than the goalie) picks up the puck with his hand from the goal crease while play is in progress. b) Only one player shoots and the goalie, who must stay in the goal crease, is the sole defender. The play is over after the shot is taken.

- 7 A wingman bats the puck in mid-air with his stick chest-high. Is a penalty called?

• No. Any player may bat the puck in mid-air anywhere on the ice, but his stick must not be above the shoulder line. He may also bat the puck with his glove but cannot hold it or deliberately direct it to a teammate.

- 7 Are amateur players allowed in the NHL?

• Yes. They may play in five NHL games per season without losing their amateur status. Amateur "emergency" goalies may play in more than five games.

continued

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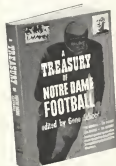
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POINT OF FACT continued

? A player's stick breaks, and a new one is thrown onto the ice from his bench. What happens?

• A player must go to his bench to receive a new stick. In this case he receives minor and misconduct penalties and must leave the ice for 12 minutes. (A substitute may replace him on the ice after the two-minute minor penalty has been served.)

? A goalie falls on a loose puck a) out of the crease in front of the net; b) behind his goal line. Is he penalized?

• a) No. This is legal defense. b) Yes. A goalie may not smother the puck behind his goal line, so a minor penalty is imposed on the goalie and is served by another player.

? A player's stick and one skate are over the blue line. Is he off side?

• No. A player is off side only when both skates are completely over the blue line and the puck has not crossed the outer edge of the line.

? When can a player legally cross the blue line ahead of the puck?

• Only when he is actually propelling and in full control of the puck; i.e., if he controls it with his stick even though it may be behind his skates.

? Team A attempts to clear the puck from its defensive zone. The puck hits the referee and is picked up by a member of Team B who scores. Does the goal count?

• Yes. Play is never stopped when the puck touches the referee.

? How many penalized players on one team can be off the ice at one time?

• Two. If a third player receives a penalty, he must serve his time but may be immediately replaced on the ice by a substitute.

? What happens when a player on the ice sustains damage to his equipment?

• Nothing. Play is never stopped for equipment adjustment except in the case of a goalie. Other players must leave the ice and be replaced by a substitute while the game continues.

—DUNCAN BARNES



The Bug Who Sings Like a Sparrow

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Ronnie Ferraro (above) is 19 years old, weighs 98 pounds, owns three saddles, one whip and a Chevrolet Impala. "When I drive to work," he says, while combing his stringy black hair in front of a mirror, "I take a look into the gutters to see if there are any old jockeys lying in them. How many stories have you read about jockeys who destroyed themselves with drink or who believed everything that was said about them and who just went plain, flat bust?"

Since the start of this racing season Ronnie Ferraro has become one of the leading riders in the U.S. (253 winners, with 11 weeks to go). In a three-man race for the championship he is the jockey no one has heard of. The others are Willie Shoemaker (278 wins) and

Bill Hartack (257). "When I was very young," says Ferraro, "I used to have a nightclub act doing impersonations of the great singers—Johnny Ray, Mario Lanza, Nat King Cole, Frankie Laine. But then my voice changed and that career disappeared. Now when I'm through riding I go home in the evenings, close the doors and windows, play the records of Enrico Caruso and try to sing along with him. There are some people who call me The Sparrow."

"At our track," says Bryan Field, the vice-president and general manager of Delaware Park, "Ferraro rode 84 winners in 54 days, easily breaking every existing record. He got 50% of his mounts in the money, and horses he was riding who should have been 6 or 7 to 1, or

more, were knocked down by the bettors to 3 to 1, or less."

Three times within the past few months Ronnie Ferraro has ridden five winners on a single card; five times he has ridden four winners; six times he has ridden three winners and 23 times he has scored doubles. "It looks to me," says Johnny Nerud, the onetime agent for Jockey Ted Atkinson and a longtime friend of Willie Shoemaker's, "that if Shoe thinks he's going to be able to beat this kid easily then he had better change his mind. Ferraro isn't going to let up. He wants the championship, just like Shoemaker and Hartack wanted it when they first started. And don't let Shoemaker or Hartack kid you. They still want to be the No. 1 rider in point of

continued

winners even though they get the big-money mounts today. If you ride the most winners, you're top jock."

Ferraro has no doubt about the matter. "I figure," he says, "just one a day... just one a day and that will do it. I'll ride every day, every race night until the end of December. At the beginning of this year I was riding at Charles Town, wearing gloves and thermal underwear to keep warm. This winter I want to ride at Hialeah and Gulfstream Park where the sun is out and the money is big."

Since 1953 only one rider, Johnny Sellers in 1961, has been able to win a jockey championship from Shoemaker and Harteck. "Last year," says Sellers, "I set myself a goal of seven winners a week. Each day after I'd get through riding I'd wait for the morning papers to come out to see if my opposition had gained on me. It got to be agony. I'm sure Ferraro is going through the same thing. You haven't time to gloat over the three winners that you had yesterday. You have to think about the one you have to get tomorrow."

"I've ridden against Ferraro a few times and I've watched him, probably out of professional curiosity. When most young riders ride against the better jocks one of the first things they do is try to impress the opposition. They raise their irons so that they sit high up on a horse and look pretty. Of course, it's a silly thing to do. But most young riders do it. I watched Ferraro the first day that he rode at Aqueduct. His reputation had preceded him, but he had gained his reputation on the smaller tracks, riding against competition that wasn't as stiff as it is at New York. When he went out in the post parade I saw him fooling with his irons and I said to myself, 'Oh, oh, here he goes.' I'm not sure whether there was something wrong with his irons or not, but he didn't raise them. In fact, I think he lowered them."

Last year Ferraro was one of 400 apprentices who got mounts in the U.S., and one of 135 to win a race. He won that first race on November 28, 1961 at Pimlico, after 53 losing mounts. The horse he rode was named Velvet Bows and the comment in the racing chart was: "VELVET BOWS followed the pace to the stretch, moved boldly along the inside to attain command and drew clear with mild encouragement."

On Thanksgiving Day Ferraro got his second win, on a 10-to-1 shot named

Slipperoo II. Slipperoo was, according to the chart, "under restraint until reaching the stretch, responded to energetic handling and outfinished June's Crocodile [by a head]." Ferraro finished the year with 10 winners in 136 mounts.

"When I was 13 or 14," he says, "my father bought a motel in Florida right across from Gulfstream Park and a few jockeys stayed there. I used to go over across the road and watch them early in the morning. I'd try to think to myself what they were doing, try to understand. Some of the jocks used to tell me things and I'd remember them."

"By the time I was 15 I was hooked. My family lives in Bucks County [Pa.] now, in a place called Cornwells Heights. We have a ranch home and about two acres of ground. My father is an air-conditioning contractor. I used to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and hitchhike to Atlantic City or Pimlico and gallop horses. Finally, a trainer named Lyle Marmon hired me. By the time I was 16 I was taking care of six horses, galloping and mucking stalls for \$21 a week."

"Right now Ambrose Clement, a trainer, has first call on me. I gallop his horses and ride wherever his horses are stabled. I get paid \$350 a month plus the standard fees for a mount (\$25)."

The advantages of a bug

Ferraro, of course, is still a "bug boy," the racetrack term for an apprentice, and he rides with a five-pound apprentice allowance. He will lose this advantage on December 12. There are many opinions about what happens to a jockey when he loses his bug. "Once you lose that five pounds," says Bill Boland, who rode Middleground to victory in the 1950 Kentucky Derby while still an apprentice, "people start to look the other way. A lot of people don't like to try a kid once he has lost his apprentice allowance. For some riders, losing the five-pound edge becomes a mental block."

Johnny Sellers has a different opinion. "When I lost my bug," he says, "I knew that I was still the same rider and, if I could produce, people would ride me."

Ronnie Ferraro feels that the loss of the bug will hurt him not at all. "I think," says Ferraro, "that I have what it takes. I won't let things bother me. There is a man, a big fat guy, that follows me around from track to track. He stands in the grandstand in a sport shirt and when I go to the post he hollers, 'Come on Ferraro, you Rat Face.' Actually I hope that he enjoys himself. He

is paying to yell and after all he's probably paying at least \$2 a yell."

Ferraro's style of riding is unusual for a youngster; most apprentices, still learning a sense of pace, try to get out of the gate first and stay there. Ferraro has the courage to lay off the pace, come from behind and drive his horses inside along the rail. Twice this season he has been suspended for driving through holes too small, but suspensions are not likely to stop him. His ability is such that he has already been put on horses good enough to win three stake races this year, and three stake victories for an apprentice is a remarkable number. Already he has tried to sell his contract to the best stables. "I'd like to sell it to a stable like Greentree," he says, "because I figure they are the best outfit for a jock to get mixed up with. Mr. Whitney [John Hay Whitney] and Mrs. Payson [Mrs. Charles Shapman Payson, who also owns the New York Mets] are fine people. 'When you are young you must put yourself in the way of success.'"

Last May 21 Ferraro courted success as few young riders had ever done before. He decided that he was ready for New York and good enough to ride against the Ycazas, Bazaras, Bolands, Rotes and Shoemakers. He walked into the jockeys' room at Aqueduct in a magnificent brown cashmere jacket, brown slacks and tony, pointed brown shoes. He was met by silence.

He slid into a pair of purple silks, put on a gold cap and examined the jockeys' room. He stepped in front of Ismael Valenzuela's locker, stood on tiptoe and looked inside at a note written on yellow paper. "Dear Daddy," it read. "Just a few lines to say I love you Daddy and miss you a lot." It was signed, "Your son that loves you very much."

Ferraro walked a few lockers away and gazed into one that said "Shoe" on the top—Shoemaker's. At the bottom of the locker was a blue American Legion cup with gold piping that said, VICE COMMANDER ROBERT F. WAGNER, Wagner, the Mayor of New York, had given the cup to Shoemaker in 1959 when Shoemaker won the first race ever run over the Aqueduct track.

"I wonder," someone said, "why Shoe never took the cup home?"

"When you get to be like Shoemaker," said Ronnie Ferraro, "you only do what you want to do."

And in a year, or maybe two, Ronnie Ferraro will be doing what he wants to do.

END



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